CAN THE U. S. DEPEND ON ITS FLEET? BY ADMIRAL HENRY A. WILEY

MAY 5, 1934

Liberty

5¢

Printed in Canada

DEATH WALKS IN HIS SLEEP, *By* EDWARD HOPE

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Toronto	146,663	**19.4**	**28,482**	25,411	23,543	23,476	19,510
Vancouver	56,690	**36.8**	**20,840**	5,756	7,387	8,230	13,150
Winnipeg	52,242	**36.4**	**19,001**	7,811	9,952	7,744	18,974
Hamilton	34,566	**15.9**	**5,492**	7,217	5,044	4,324	3,007
Ottawa	28,194	**20.1**	**5,683**	5,155	5,837	4,618	3,908
Calgary	18,614	**37.1**	**6,910**	3,058	4,394	5,235	5,311
Edmonton	17,599	**30.1**	**5,301**	3,145	3,962	3,825	5,540
London	15,811	**35.3**	**5,588**	3,677	2,809	2,563	2,754
Windsor	24,935	**12.3**	**3,052**	1,716	1,342	1,227	706
Halifax	13,172	**22.8**	**3,000**	3,432	1,417	2,139	1,864
Regina	11,824	**32.1**	**3,799**	1,790	1,793	3,345	3,780
St. John	10,568	**11.9**	**1,263**	2,402	1,706	2,184	1,917
Saskatoon	9,620	**30.5**	**2,930**	1,400	1,960	2,438	4,175
Victoria	8,685	**42.6**	**3,708**	2,209	2,104	2,700	2,680
Kitchener	6,843	**26.4**	**1,807**	1,513	1,233	837	652
Brantford	6,690	**15.3**	**1,023**	1,216	1,104	983	463
Sherbrooke	5,138*	**10.8**	**558**	637	303	388	590
Ft. William	5,839	**33.9**	**1,977**	637	1,155	1,072	919
St. Catharines	5,501	**55.5**	**3,051**	1,156	1,486	973	466
Kingston	5,209	**19.0**	**991**	1,134	853	863	541
Oshawa	5,209	**11.5**	**598**	841	472	477	237
Sydney	5,131	**44.5**	**2,284**	319	730	843	315
Sault Ste. Marie	5,129	**12.2**	**625**	587	485	578	426
Peterboro	4,962	**17.6**	**875**	1,131	689	795	611
Moose Jaw	4,733	**25.0**	**1,184**	622	532	828	911
Guelph	4,683	**8.8**	**415**	792	1,047	400	472
Quebec	2,899*	**40.0**	**1,159**	1,209	710	578	2,013
28 CITY TOTAL.	575,140	**25.9%**	**149,306**	105,210	99,397	98,708	105,715
TOTAL CANADIAN CIRCULATION			**186,120**	200,000	200,000	200,000	200,000

*English-speaking.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE REMOVES FILM FASTER

PRODUCED IN CANADA

MAY 5, 1934

Liberty

VOL. 11, NO. 18

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

BANISH THIS FAITHLESS CREED

THE world's public enemy number one is the resurrected cult of fatalism.

In Canada we hear these glib catch phrases on every hand: "NRA or ruin"; "Capitalism or bolshevism"; "Hitlerism or hell." It is either one course or the other to these otherwise rational folk. The thought of a middle course is beyond their ken.

The mind which limits itself to such narrow confines is both intolerant and absurd. The individual or nation making no provision for a compromise forecasts its doom. Middle courses of the past have high-lighted history with its only worth-while achievements. And history invariably repeats itself.

This cult of fatalism is nothing new. It is as ageless as Asia, where it first took root. It has furnished the motive and the objective for every great war of conquest since the world began. Three great world conquerors were its disciples. Their "stars of destiny," properly interpreted, simply meant no compromise toward another point of view. Thus Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon had no thought of giving themselves to the peoples they brought into submission. Their aim was to rule, not to serve.

Great leaders of our time are truly great only according to the measure of their faith and their absence of fatalism. Tolerance, rather than a blind, selfish partisanship, is the yardstick of their achievements. Their vainglorious stars of destiny have been forgotten in their unremitting search for the middle course whereon humanity may find its way back to normalcy again.

King George, ruler of a far-flung empire, announces to millions of his subjects that his chief aim throughout his reign has been to serve, not merely to rule. Ramsay MacDonald, England's first citizen, dedicates himself and his party to the service of the humblest citizen in their midst. And Franklin D. Roosevelt, harried by overwhelming problems, brings order out of chaos. History would have recorded a different story these past few years had one of these leaders followed either of the two traditional courses specified in the fatalist's creed.

"The great men of the earth have been invariably confronted with two apparently inescapable courses of action. And only the truly great have chosen a third."

This statement was made years ago by Count von Moltke. His philosophy is just as apt today as then. The world at this moment faces these two apparently inescapable courses of action in practically every matter of national or international policy engaging its attention. The lesser order of leaders, the pseudo-great of our day, will choose either of two obvious courses—just as Hitler is doing in whipping up nationalistic frenzies to fever heat. But the truly great will select their panaceas from the recipe books of no irresponsible demagogues. The third course is not founded merely on political expediencies of the present but upon humanity's lasting needs throughout generations to come.

Fatalism is the absence of faith, and faith the absence of fear. Fatalism and defeatism are one. Too many of us have abased ourselves before our adversities and told ourselves there was no longer any use in striving. We have pinned our faith (or what was left of it) to some form of legislation which we devoutly believed would be a cure-all for the world's ills, particularly our own. The bill did not pass, the salary increase did not materialize, and the fact that we had no compromise to fall back upon gave us a warped outlook on the whole universe.

There is no failure except in no longer trying.

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Can the U. S. Depend on Its Fleet?

Not Now, Says Its Former Commander, and Urges Upon His Countrymen the Vital Need of Seeing That Present Building Programs Are Carried Through

by ADMIRAL HENRY A. WILEY, Retired

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

ADMIRAL WILEY SAYS—

- Competent, informed observers have forecast European war during 1936. Presumably we would have no part in it. Let us hope not! But inevitably there would be dangerous friction.
- Japan is demanding naval parity. Conservative leaders now recognize this situation as one of grave danger for the United States.
- In short, both beyond the Atlantic and beyond the Pacific, events are possible that might shatter our resolve to live at peace with the world.

IN effective strength the United States Navy is now a poor third, inferior to the navies of Great Britain and Japan.

We have a decision to make. It cannot be made in Washington. The people alone can make it.

Is this the kind of Navy we want? Is it a safe first line of defense for the richest and most envied nation on earth?

Liberty asks me to analyze the naval crisis from the standpoint of a United States Navy man. Therefore—

FIRST: The naval policy that has been enunciated is not really new. It has been taken down, dusted off, and reissued by at least four Secretaries since President Wilson, reading the lessons of Paris and Versailles, declared we should have a Navy "second to none." Each time the public was reassured. Each time a President and a Secretary of the Navy earnestly believed in this policy and its necessity, and honestly tried to make it effective. Each time the public forgot—and pacifism, internationalism, disarmament advocacy, vague idealism, sectional selfishness, foreign propaganda, false economy, and other active and alert forces quietly buried the Navy program.

It should be understood that in these statements, and in what follows, there is implied no criticism of President Roosevelt or of Secretary Swanson. The President has a full grasp of Navy needs. He and the Secretary know the conditions and are making a start toward remedying them. But they can do little unless backed by an informed public opinion.

The Vinson "treaty Navy" bill has become law, and

the President has clearly stated his position as to whether the Navy shall go forward to treaty strength. It is now for the American people to stand by him in the matter and, if he asks for an appropriation, to back him up.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: President Roosevelt, signing the Vinson bill, issued a statement which reads in part: "The general purpose of the bill is solely a statement by the Congress that it approved the building of our Navy up to and not beyond the strength authorized, first, by the Washington naval limitation treaty of 1922 and, secondly, by the London naval limitation treaty of 1930. . . . The bill appropriates no money for such construction and the word 'authorization' is therefore merely a statement of the policy of the present Congress. Whether it will be carried out depends on the action of future Congresses."

Counting in all the vessels now building or provided for, including the construction that was made possible last spring by the PWA allotment of $238,000,000 to the Navy, the Vinson bill's blanket "authorization" covers enough more to bring the Navy up to full treaty strength within 1939.]

SECOND: We are third in effective naval strength primarily because of public sentiment for world armament reduction. *We* have inaugurated nearly all of the disarmament efforts made since the World War. And we are the only nation which has done any disarming.

At every turn, foreign statesmen and our own pacifists and internationalists have taken every advantage of the American sentiment for arms reduction. Our Navy has been hamstrung by successive treaties. Our negotiators have made concessions crippling to us, and have justified unfair arms-reduction agreements by asserting that "a bad treaty is better than none."

Having led the world toward disarmament and signed on the dotted line, we then set the world an example by indulging in a "naval holiday" for about a decade.

Result: "On paper" it can be shown that our Navy approaches parity with Britain's in tonnage. But paper ships do not fight. Strong, swift, modern, *balanced* battle fleets fight to victory. Therein lies our weakness. Too many of our ships are obsolete or overage.

For example, almost all of our destroyers were built during the World War. A large proportion were "rush-order work." It has been difficult to keep these in commission ever since. Soundly built destroyers are considered to have a life of but fifteen years. Virtually *all* ours, therefore, are overdue for replacement.

Some naval men even contend that in war we would be *unable to move our fleet, whole, to a scene of naval engagement,* because of the decrepit condition of certain types of fighting ships and auxiliary craft. I disagree. We would get there. But that this point is even debatable constitutes a startling commentary.

THIRD: Events have given us rather a rude awakening lately. Or I hope we have been awakened.

We have been confronted for a year with the danger of war in the Pacific. That danger was quite real, and many responsible men are convinced that it is not past.

Roy W. Howard, an eminent newspaper publisher, returned home from Japan a few months ago and advocated swift repair of our national defense. He found in Japan contempt for us because, over the seizure of Manchuria, we spoke a piece about treaty observance but did not back our words with deeds. Our advocacy of disarmament was interpreted as a desire to save money. We worship the dollar; we are hard up; we are too penurious to defend ourselves, to fight—so ran Japanese thought as obtained from leaders.

Meanwhile the Japanese propaganda system was manufacturing animosity against the United States. That "popular opinion," so called, has been cooled by the retention of our Fleet in the Pacific; but it can be inflamed at will, and an occasion for that approaches with the termination of the 5-5-3 naval ratio agreement at the end of next year.

That agreement is to be supplanted by another, to be negotiated. Japan is demanding naval parity.

THE average American can conceive of no possible cause for a quarrel with Japan. Nevertheless, very sober and conservative leaders—who have worked and hoped for arms reduction—now recognize this situation as one of grave danger for the United States.

On the other hand lies Europe, whose nations now cannot, dare not, reduce armaments. Any government approving reduction would fall within a week. The Geneva disarmament negotiations have become a sham, a farce—and all know it.

Germany probably cannot risk the gamble of war before 1936. But what France will do probably depends upon the weight of her own armament burden, the extent to which she believes Germany is secretly rearming, her control over her mid-Continental allies, and her ability to keep England and Italy in line.

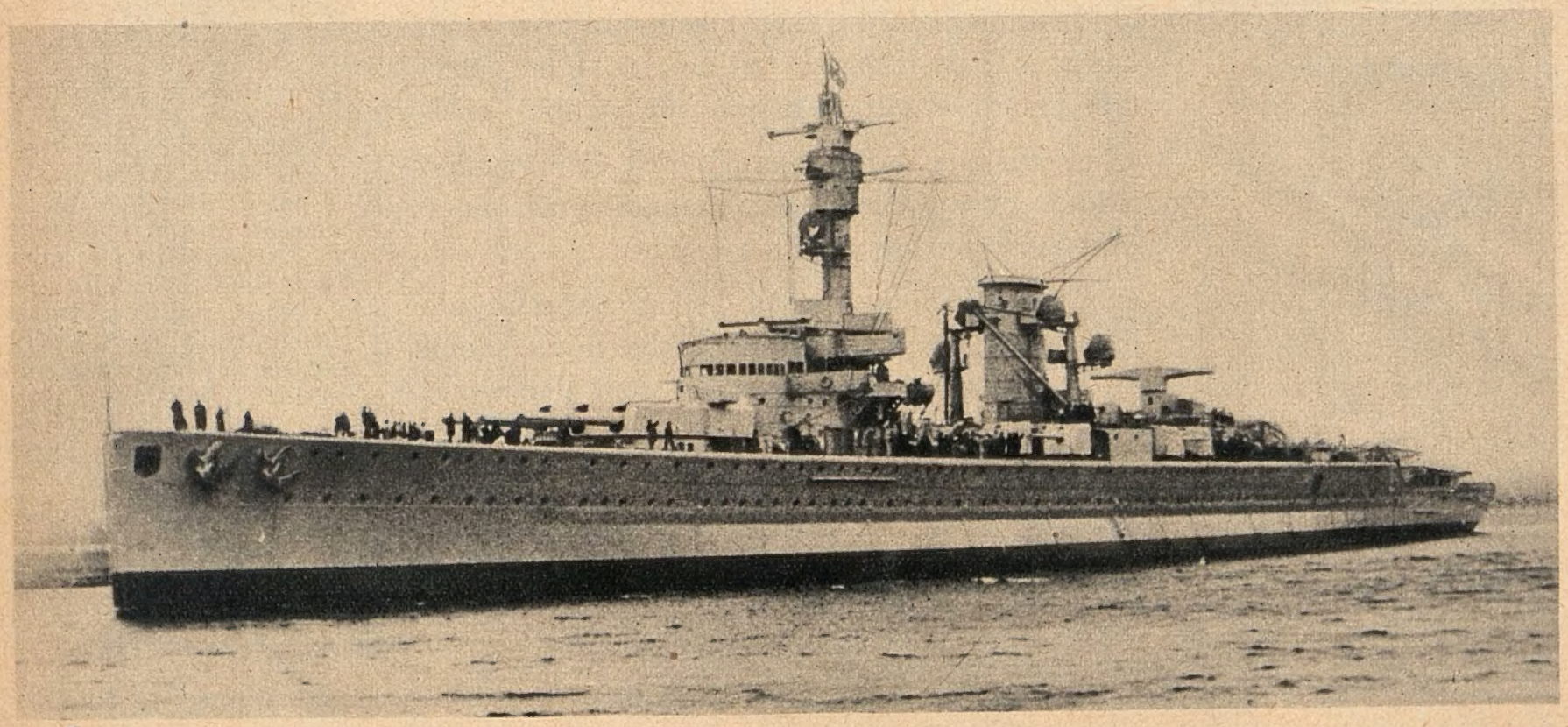
Competent, informed observers have forecast European war during 1936.

But would we have any part in this European war if it came? Would it concern us?

Presumably we would have no part in it. Let us hope not! The provocation would have to be very great indeed, after our last experience. But that it would concern us

Keystone View photo

● The German "pocket battleship" Deutschland. The building of a fleet of her type has been advocated for America. They could not stand up to real battleships, warns Admiral Wiley.



Keystone View photo

ADMIRAL WILEY AS HE LOOKED ON THE BRIDGE.

is unquestionable. Inevitably there would be constant and dangerous friction over interference with our rights.

In short, both beyond the Pacific and beyond the Atlantic events are possible that might shatter our resolve to live at peace with the world.

A strong United States Navy would be the best guaranty of peace in the Pacific. Pacts cannot guarantee it. China was "protected" by many pacts. But, be assured, no inflaming war crisis will be manufactured by Japan if we are too strong to be encountered.

A strong Navy also would win us respect in Europe and reduce the probability of our being embroiled there.

FOURTH: We are portrayed abroad as the Big Bad Wolf. It is the beginning of a campaign of foreign propaganda designed to prevent the United States from regaining her position as a first-class naval power.

THE British Foreign Minister publicly "regrets" our initiation of a building program which will replace some of our "dead" ships. He fears we endanger the world ideal of disarmament. Mr. Churchill chides us because we talk most of disarmament and are the first to build. Japan officially views our program with "concern": it might irritate the peace-loving Japanese people.

All this is utterly ridiculous. We are starting no naval race. Britain and Japan have built steadily since 1922 to maintain "treaty navies," under the 5-5-3 ratio. We, on the other hand, have had a "holiday."

But clever foreign statesmen know us. They know that a strong and active group of pacifists and internationalists within the United States will seize upon these various keynotes of foreign propaganda and be stirred to activities opposing adequate repair of our first line of defense.

If Japanese good-will missions come, then earnest well intentioned but badly informed "friends of peace" will voice an argument identical with that of Japanese statesmen. They, too, will urge that we avoid offending the susceptibilities of this friendly people by indulging in a "militaristic" navy-building program.

We are all friends of peace. But not all of us believe we can insure it by rendering ourselves defenseless. Many important leaders believe that had we been a little bit weaker we should have had war thrust upon us in the last year or so.

Our people have listened to what foreign statesmen said, and undeniably there has been an American sentiment behind a policy of waiting, waiting, waiting for the results of this conference and that which *might* bring sanity back into the world and relieve us of the somewhat expensive business of maintaining a proper Navy. These foreign proponents of American disarmament do not, it will be noted, disarm their own nations.

MR. CHURCHILL'S tongue is in his cheek. He knows quite well that we are not, as he says, "the first to build"—but that since 1922 Britain has been first. Japan knew quite well what Secretary Swanson announced subsequently—that all but *four* of our destroyers are overage and many other vessels similarly obsolete, and that there is no naval race issue involved in our partial-replacement program.

If there is any threat of a naval race it comes from Japan. Great Britain has built steadily, but only to maintain a modernized navy of "treaty strength." That is what we should have done. It is Japan who wants to build beyond those agreed ratios.

The Navy exists "to uphold national policies." The point which the average American forgets—because we have been isolated, we are pacific, we have no expansion ambitions, and so many of us live far from the sea—is that we sometimes become rather suddenly vociferous and unanimous in our demand that a certain national policy be upheld. Let us not forget that Mr. Wilson won an election by "keeping us out of war"—and a few months later became a war President.

International crises can arise suddenly; public opinion can change quickly; but, alas, a battle fleet cannot be taken off a shelf!

A little while ago it was proposed that warships be laid up in rotation, to reduce maintenance costs. Assume that a warship has been laid up for a year, and then is recommissioned. *One full year* would be required to bring that ship to split-second effectiveness such as is necessary in battle. Even then, though it might have regained "top form" as a single fighting unit, there could be no certainty that it would do its job 100 per cent in a naval engagement unless it had maneuvered with the whole battle fleet.

If it often takes three years to build a championship football team, why should it be assumed that a fleet of more than a hundred units and nearly one hundred thousand men can be welded into an aggressive, hard-hitting "team" in a matter of weeks or months? Having a championship team, no sane coach would call off his assistants and declare a "holiday" on training replacement material.

And yet, that is what Uncle Sam does, and has done repeatedly throughout our naval history. We have indulged in periodic holidays and building spurts. It never was a safe policy. But at least it was far safer in the days of our relative isolation, before science geared the world to high speed, a World War left tensions everywhere, and we became the richest and most envied of nations.

By speaking out a blunt seaman's convictions about our naval needs I know that I invite from the so-called peace advocates and internationalists that old charge phrased in the words "jingo" and "militarist." But I risk these epithets. If war comes, these gentle souls become patriots overnight and demand great deeds of the defense services whose effectiveness their propaganda has hampered throughout the years.

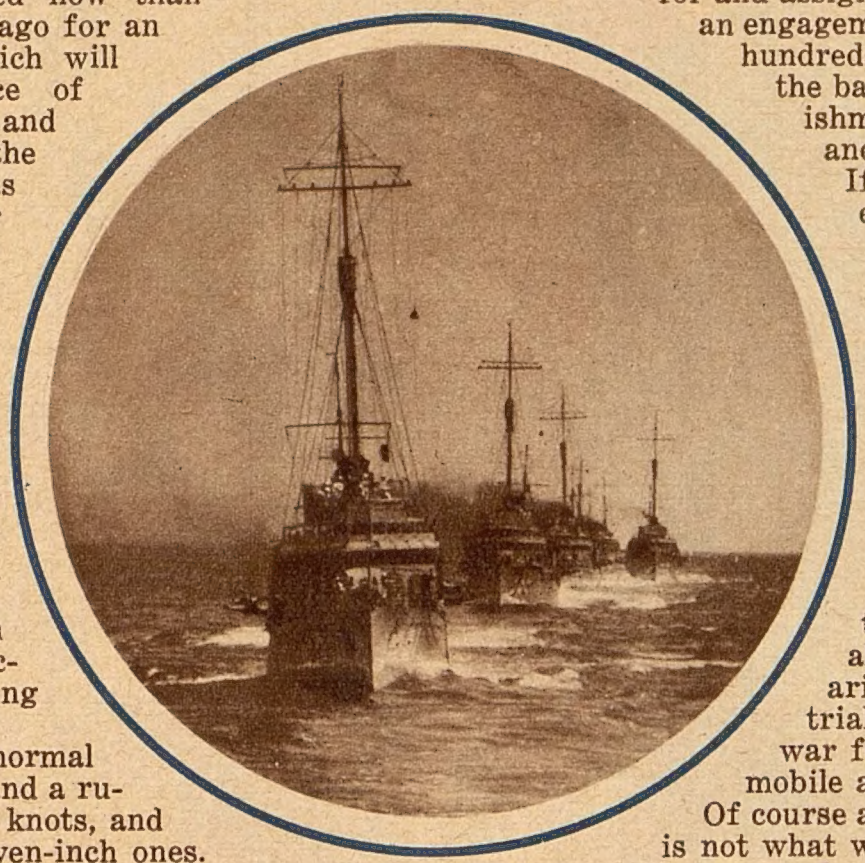
There is far greater need now than existed a generation or two ago for an informed public opinion which will support *steady* maintenance of naval effectiveness. Theorists and faddists have been obscuring the issues. For example, there has been advocacy of building for America a fleet of "pocket battleships," after the German pattern. Their speed is praised. In their support it is pointed out that they can hit and run.

The bald fact about such ships is that you can crowd just so much into a hull of a given size. If you have huge engines for speed, and large guns, and heavy ammunition for those guns, then you have cut armored protection or fuel capacity (cruising range) or both.

The Deutschland has a normal displacement of 12,000 tons and a rumored speed of twenty-eight knots, and her biggest guns are six eleven-inch ones. It is doubtful if such a ship is a stable platform for the accurate firing of guns of such caliber.

At any rate it is *not* a battleship. Germany built that ship only because the Versailles Treaty restricted her as to tonnage. Germany did the best she could, but at best this is a hybrid ship—essentially a light cruiser with heavier arms. Ships of the Deutschland type cannot stand up to battleships; they "can't take it."

And yet a whole furor of agitation—bewildering to the public—was waged over this issue a few months ago. And it didn't even occur to any of the advocates of so-called "pocket battleships" that the whole discussion was futile anyway. We are bound by treaty not to build light cruisers of more than 10,000 tons, or having guns larger than eight-inch caliber!



Destroyers steaming at 27 knots during maneuvers in the Caribbean.

THE public is similarly bewildered when faddists claim that aviation's advance has made fleets obsolete.

I am a strong advocate of naval aviation. I rejoice that the United States Naval Air Force is first and unequaled in the world. (That's the only defense service in which we are first, incidentally.) But to contend that airplanes can perform the functions of a battle fleet is ridiculous.

Let us designate an enemy warring against us in the Pacific as Nation X, and let us suppose we have no fleet but a marvelous air force. If we had a fleet its job would be to meet the fleet of Nation X far from our shores; if possible, on the other side of the Pacific.

Our thinking became vague because of the taboo on any discussion of aggressive power when considering what we must always call preparation for *defense*. Perhaps, if it were strong enough, an air force might successfully defend our west coast from attack by an enemy fleet steaming across the Pacific. We do not know that that could be done. There never has been such a war.

But if such a war and the threat of attack were upon us, do you think your idea of *defense* would be merely coast defense by airplanes, while some shells certainly were falling on American cities and our outlying possessions were in enemy hands? No. "Hit first and hardest; get that enemy fleet before it gets here," would be the typically American reaction.

Airplanes couldn't do it.

Only a modernized, effective, *balanced* battle fleet could cope with the strategic problems raised by a war of the Pacific. Such a battle fleet should carry as many planes as possible, on carriers—of which we have too few—and on the warships themselves.

A modern naval engagement is fought on the water, under the water, and in the air; by a great variety of fighting machines, each thoroughly prepared for and assigned to its specific task. Such an engagement may extend literally over hundreds of miles. The heart of it is the battleship, which can take punishment, and take it, and take it—and yet give more.

If our fleet, because some elements of it are old and weak and slow, lacks mobility and striking power, then such an engagement becomes a hazardous gamble. If too many ships are old and slow, then what we have is merely a "coast-defense" Navy, unable to strike at the time and place which sound strategy dictates.

Now turn from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Consider the alarms and clamor that would arise from rich and vital industrial and commercial centers if war found our Navy relatively immobile and impotent.

Of course a mere "coast-defense" Navy is not what we want or need. But out of Geneva and earlier conferences came a type of foreign effort which tended to reduce the mobility and striking power of our Navy:

A barrage of foreign propaganda which in effect pleaded with us to wait, and wait, and wait for the "world disarmament" which was always just around the next corner.

Behind the noble words of foreign statesmen, hid by a smoke screen of "high idealism," *actions* have been something quite different. Constantly these gentlemen have sought relative disarmament of the United States. Steadily their yards have turned out modern warships for replacement.

With this last I have no quarrel. It is merely what we should have done—had we not been hoodwinked and bulldozed by these foreign realists who work upon our "idealism." And find ready allies among our pacifists.

Throughout this article, it should be noted, there has been no beating of tom-toms for a Super-Navy. I have endeavored to speak simple common sense, conservatively. I have been at some pains to hold a tight rein on the high emotion which this situation naturally arouses in me as a Navy man and as an American.

It is your Navy.

Are you content with a Navy weakened by overage ships?

Do you want a "coast-defense" Navy?

Does the practice of alternating neglect and building spurts seem to you sound, adequate, safe?

Are you willing to let foreign statesmen and our own pacifists and internationalists continue virtual control of our naval policy, while other leading nations turn violently nationalistic and zealously maintain their defense services?

THE END

If You Thought You'd Committed a Murder and a Girl Insisted You Hadn't . . . . Well, Read What Follows. It's the Year's Best Mystery Short Story!

"Ah, well," she sighed, and kissed Bob's lips.

by
EDWARD HOPE

Death Walks in His Sleep

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HAZY consciousness glimmered through a rift in his sleep. He stirred. Outside a dog barked. Nearer at hand there was the unmistakable sound of the lid of a garbage can being replaced. A train squealed in the distance.

Robert Wellson surrendered to the new day. He elevated his arms, fingers rigidly spread, made fists of his hands and tightened his muscles. He grunted.

He opened his eyes; saw his clenched hands.

His mouth dropped open to emit a small breathless gasp. He sat up suddenly. He stared at his stained fingers. He was aware of the rusty blotch on the front of his light-blue pyjamas.

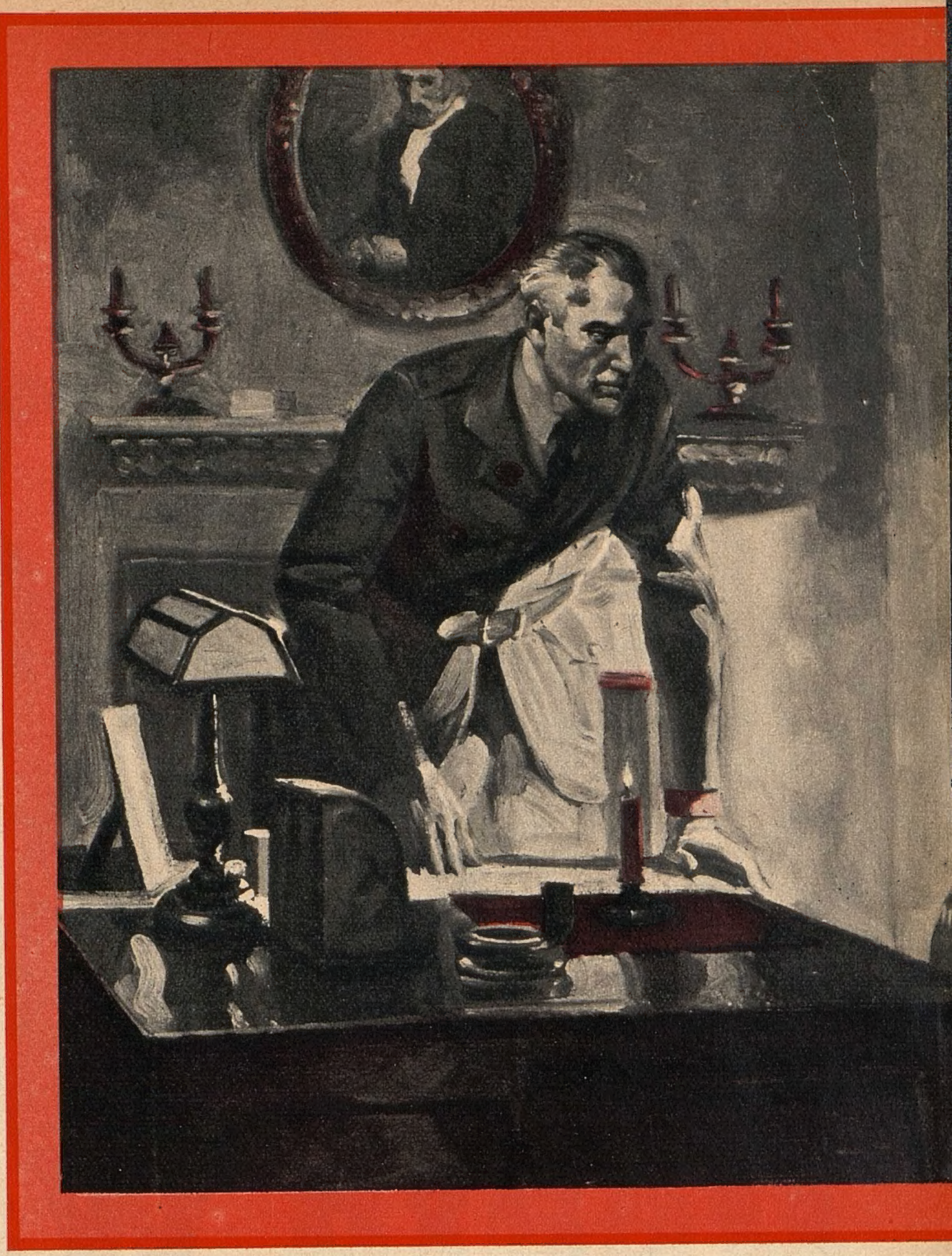
He kicked the covers back, swung his feet to the floor, and stumbled barefoot to a door in the corner. He banged at it with both hands.

He called, his voice unexpectedly choked: "Lispeth! Lispeth!"

No answer. He swung open the heavy door and stepped on the cold tiles of the bathroom. Before him was another closed door. He pounded it.

"Lispeth! Oh, Lispeth, please!" He stared at the

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
JOHN FALTER



obscene hand that kept on hammering the door.

Her voice was sleepy: "Yes. Just a minute. What is it, anyway?"

"Lispeth, for God's sake, can I come in?"

The lock click-clucked. The door opened. His sister, her blonde hair rumpled, clutching a lacy negligee about her, stared at him.

"*Look at me!*" he said absurdly.

"Is—it—*blood?*" she whispered.

He nodded slowly.

"But—are you hurt?"

"No. I haven't looked, but—certainly not enough to make all that. I've—I've been sleepwalking again, and—" He lowered himself into a chair and let his head bend forward.

"God!" he murmured. "I'm all—*spattered!*"

HE heard Lispeth getting her slippers on.

"I'm going to call Mr. Priest," she said.

Alone for an unmeasured time, he stared at the way the hair on the back of his hand was matted with the thick red-brown stuff that had dried on it. He did not think. He did not move.

Francis Priest, fully dressed and capably cool in his businesslike neatness, followed Lispeth into the room, closed the door softly behind him, and came to stand before Bob. Lispeth hovered behind him.

He said in an easy voice: "Are you sure you aren't cut? A very small cut, near a blood vessel—"

Bob shook his head without looking up.

"Let's wash it off, anyway," Francis Priest said. "You'll be more comfortable then and we can see better."

With scalding hot water and thick soapsuds the worst of it came off easily.

Lispeth handed him a nailbrush.

"Thanks," Bob mumbled. "There doesn't seem to have been any under the nails." He worked at the vestiges, rinsed his hands again. "There!"

At his elbow, Francis Priest said softly, "Your face, too, I'm afraid. You must have brushed your hand across—"

For the first time, Bob looked into the mirror. A dark smear ran from his left temple down to his left cheek. He snatched up the soap.

Francis Priest got him a clean suit of pyjamas, folded the stained ones and put them on a closet shelf. Bob took his dressing gown from the chair and examined it minutely. Finding it innocent of spots, he put it on.

From behind him, Francis Priest asked, still calmly: "You have no recollection at all?"

"No. Not the least. But I never have. That last time, I had no idea where I was when I woke up in the garage—"

"M-m-m. We'll just have to look. I shouldn't say anything to any one else till—"

Bob Wellson led the way back into his sister's room.

Lispeth had got on stockings and shoes. She was at her dressing table, putting her hair in order with darting fingers. Her face, turned quickly toward them, was without color. Her blue eyes were wide.

"We're going to—look," Bob said.

"I'm coming with you." She stood up.

In the hall, Francis Priest stopped.

"I'LL just run in and speak to your uncle," he said. "He always likes me to drop in before I go down to breakfast."

He walked away from them to one of the two doors at the end of the hall, rapped briskly, opened the door and stepped in. The door was ajar for an instant.

Then it slammed. It seemed a long time before it opened again. It did not open wide. Francis Priest, his head bent, was doing something with the inside of the lock. It rattled.

Then he stepped out, closed the door softly.

The lock rattled again.

Francis Priest came toward them. His eyes were lowered. When he was close to them, he spoke to Lispeth:

Her fingers still moved over the forehead of the man in the chair. Robert relaxed slowly.

"I think you'd better stay in your room for a while. Bob and I can go into his and talk."

Bob's body seemed to throb all over with the sudden loud beating of his heart.

"Why did you lock the door?" he asked in a voice he had never heard before.

Francis Priest took his arm. "Let's go into your room and talk." He swallowed. "If Miss Wellson will permit us—"

Lispeth burst out in a whisper: "Don't be silly. I'm not a baby. Come in, both of you."

Bob sat on the edge of the bed, bent over, his folded arms on his knees. Lispeth stood close to him.

Francis, standing with his back to the window, shifted his feet.

"Your uncle," he said, "is dead."

The words beat in Bob's ears. He could not understand what Lispeth was saying in a screaming whisper.

After a while he heard Francis: "We three are the only ones who need know what we saw this morning. Certainly it's not a crime in any ordinary sense. The pyjamas could be destroyed—"

Bob found his mind suddenly clear again. He stood up and faced Francis. He said: "I'm grateful to you for offering to be an accessory, but I think we'd better leave it to the—the police. If I—did that—in my sleep, I'm not a very desirable person to have around."

He saw the look on Lispeth's face, and patted her shoulder. "It'll be all right," he said. "I'll go and telephone now."

They followed him downstairs.

He locked himself into his uncle's study and called State Police headquarters.

Then he called a New York City number and asked, "Is Miss Storm there?"

"Good morning, Anne," he said when she came.

"Aren't you the early bird! What's got you up?"

He choked. "Trouble, Anne. Something — perfectly horrible. So awful I hate to tell you. Anne, it's my sleepwalking—" His voice was a husky whisper. "Anne, last night—I—I killed Uncle Howard."

FOR an instant there was dead silence. Then Anne said: "Bob *darling*, you're crazy. You didn't. It's impossible."

"But it's true. It's perfectly obvious."

"I don't care how obvious it is. You never killed anybody in your sleep. You never will."

"But, Anne, I tell you—"

"Listen. I'm going to drive right down. You could not have killed your uncle in your sleep. *Could not.* Do you understand that? I haven't studied psychology all this time for nothing, and I know. So, whatever the evidence is, don't admit anything. You didn't do it. I'll see you in an hour and a quarter."

"All right. But, Anne—"

"Shut up. And keep right on shutting up till I get there. Good-by!" . . .

Anne Storm's small hands continued to stroke Robert Wellson's forehead without breaking the smooth rhythm, but she stopped murmuring to him and Colonel Spill could see in the dim light that she had turned her head in his direction.

"He'll be all right in a minute now," she said quietly. "Will you please raise the black shade slowly about halfway? Leave the yellow one down."

As the light came in, shadows solidified into sharply outlined pieces of office furniture. Anne's brown curls glinted. Her small, delicately shaped body and her young, unlined face multiplied the improbabilities of what had just been done. Her fingers still moved over the forehead of the man in the chair. The candle on the desk before him burned with a pale yellow flame.

Robert Wellson relaxed slowly. He sighed tremendously. His eyelids fluttered shut. His fingers spread and went limp.

Anne puffed the candle out. She raised her head.

"Does that convince you, colonel?"

"Me—yes," he said. "Fascinating. Never seen real hypnotism before. But I'm not the one you've got to convince. This business is off my beat. Knew it was

when he phoned me. I'm State Police. Went along because he'd given me the excuse. Interested in murder. People you're up against," he told her, "are Gittens, the district attorney, and Auslander, the town police commissioner. And a jury of cabbage farmers and grocers' clerks."

"I know," Anne said. "You explained that. But I wanted to convince you first. I'm as certain now as if I'd stood guard over him all night that he had nothing to do with it."

"Cigarette," the prisoner murmured.

Anne handed him the package from the desk. "You're all right now, aren't you?"

"Guess so. Little tired."

"Good. Just sit still." She turned to Spill again.

"He had no conscious or subconscious desire to kill Howard Wellson. He has no conscious or subconscious memory of having done so. The subconscious, under hypnotism, is perfectly frank, conceals nothing.

"It's a widely accepted theory that no sleepwalker can do a thing in his sleep that is repulsive to his conscious habits of life and thought."

Spill said, "But Gittens is planning to prosecute for first-degree murder. He says the sleepwalking was just a neat blind for a premeditated crime."

Anne's large eyes narrowed. "I'm ready for that. If you'll help. These Long Islanders won't pay any attention to me. They respect you. They'll take advice from you. And evidence from you, if you'll give them the credit. They jumped at the autopsy for dope this morning. They ordered the stomach-pump business for the rest of the household without even asking why. And they're going to find evidence of morphine. When you turn out to be right about that, they'll do anything you say."

"Maybe," Spill said. "But this subconscious evidence—"

"I'm not going to depend on that." Anne backed away and leaned against the desk. "You and I together can get plain straight police evidence. I've got some already."

"I know about your theory of morphine, of course."

"That's a starter. Howard Wellson was a light sleeper. There are three very loud creaky boards beside his bed. Yet he was asleep when his throat was cut. Robert Wellson is also a light sleeper, in spite of his sleepwalking. Nobody could have smeared him with blood if he'd been sleeping normally. But if we show his stomach contained morphine—"

"Right. What else?"

"Could a man get himself bloodied halfway up his forearms without getting blood under his fingernails?"

Spill's eyebrows went up.

"Another thing. There were no fingerprints on the fruit knife. Did that strike you? Bob wakes up with his hands covered with blood, but he left no fingerprints. Conscious or unconscious, would he leave a clear trail to himself and yet wipe the handle of the knife clear of fingerprints?"

"GOOD girl!" Spill grinned, nodding. "Anything else?"

"The blood-soaked handkerchief they found by Bob's bed was a special one. I did that monogram myself. Bob used it only with evening clothes. And there was another handkerchief in the breast pocket of his pyjama coat. There were four drops of blood—drops, not smears—on the sheet of Bob's bed about a third of the way down, where his hands would have been lying when he was asleep. There were no other *drops* anywhere inside the room. The nearest, in fact, were about twelve feet from Howard Wellson's door, on the hall carpet. If Bob had been dripping he would have dripped in other parts of the room. But if the murderer soaked the handkerchief in blood to smear Bob with—"

Spill bowed. "A nice little batch of points."

Bob Wellson leaned forward. "I follow you all right, Anne," he said. "But—if I didn't do it—who the hell did?"

"Colonel Spill and I are going to find out. Aren't we, colonel?"

The State Police officer grinned. "I think you are, Miss Storm. And I'm going to help you."

He stood with his heels together while he took the small hand she offered him.

Bob got up too, and stood beside them.

"But, Anne," he persisted, "who could have—"

She let Spill's hand go but gave him Bob's answer:

"Here's what I'm starting with. A week ago Friday night Bob Wellson did walk in his sleep, actually. To the garage. It was unlocked. He went inside. He opened the side of the hood of his roadster. But it fell down, and the clatter woke him up.

"That was his biggest somnambulistic adventure to date. The next evening at dinner the whole household discussed the probable limits of a man's activities in his sleep. They even mentioned what his legal responsibilities would be if he should commit a crime while asleep.

"The butler, Haskins, was serving, and it's a safe guess, though I haven't asked him, that he repeated what he had heard in the kitchen. Somebody in that group—which includes Mrs. Howard Wellson, the widow; Robert Wellson and his sister Lispeth, Howard Wellson's nephew and niece; Francis Priest, Howard Wellson's confidential secretary; Haskins, the butler; Gossins, the chauffeur; the cook, the laundress, and two maids—one of them got a smart idea for a murder from that discussion. Last night whoever it was carried the idea out."

ANNE moved her shoulders.

"Supposed motives, conscious or subconscious, for Robert Wellson to kill his uncle: One—Howard Wellson, who had given his nephew and niece a home since their parents' death twenty-four years ago, demanded in return that neither of them marry during his lifetime, so that he could always enjoy their company. For nearly a year Robert Wellson has been engaged to marry—me—and would be free to do so on his uncle's death. Two—Robert Wellson knew that he and his sister were sole heirs under Howard Wellson's will, except for a lifetime trust for their aunt. Three—Howard Wellson was a peculiar old man, a tyrant in his home, and it would be natural for his nephew to desire his death. Valid motives, colonel?"

"Very."

"Whoever killed the old man," Anne said, "knew them, again indicating a member of the household."

"Yes," Spill agreed.

"With another motive of his or her own that we, so far, know nothing about." She smiled at Spill. "And that's where you're going to help me. By seeing to it that everybody's past, present, and future is thoroughly looked into. Yes?"

Anne put her hand suddenly into Bob's.

"Colonel Spill—" she said, suddenly changed. "You couldn't possibly arrange to leave us alone for a little?"

The State Police official shook his head. "No. Getting the prisoner and you here to myself was a special favor. It's important, you know, for me to keep on the best terms."

"Ah, well," she sighed, and kissed Bob's lips. . . .

There were white spots at the corners of Francis Priest's nose. His hands were fists in his lap.

"As you say, Mr. Priest," Anne said gently, "you don't have to answer my questions. You have your choice—me or the police. I thought you'd prefer me."

"I'll explain when I'm legally compelled to. And I'll have a lawyer to advise me."

"All right. You've made me find out all the damaging things, and that makes 'em four times as damaging.

"You now admit that you and Lispeth are in love, just as Bob was, during her uncle's lifetime. That gives you the same motive as Bob's for the murder.

"But I've found out you've got a better motive still. Your employer's petty cash checking account is short four hundred dollars—a fact that you probably thought would never come out, with the old man dead and you married to the heiress to half his money. If I hadn't put accountants—"

He sprang out of his chair.

"Look here! Are you accusing me of this murder, you damned meddling fool?"

"Look at me!" he said absurdly. "Is—it—blood?" she whispered.

"I'm telling you what a nice case could be made out against you. Please sit down."

He sat down.

"You were the last one," she said, "who had the handkerchief that turned up soaked in blood. Bob lent it to you to save you a trip upstairs, the night the Terreys came to dinner. Bob remembers it and so does his aunt. What about that?"

"Not that it's any of your business—I put it in the laundry hamper a couple of days before—before the murder."

"Oh! Can you tell me why you took none of the doped coffee after dinner the evening before the murder, although you usually took two cups?"

"I can. I started that day to cut down cigarettes and coffee. I was getting too nervous."

"Thanks. Have you noticed that your tennis shoes have been missing since the day after the murder?"

He stared, genuinely surprised. "My tennis shoes?"

"Your white rubber-soled sneakers. The right one had a stain of blood—analysis showed it to be human blood—on its sole. The blood on the carpet was too dry to come off like that by the next morning. And you were wearing ordinary black street shoes in the morning, anyway."

He stood up. His voice was hoarse: "No, I can't explain that! Can you tell me why I should submit to this badgering—"

"Why should Bob have spent three days in jail, with his name smeared all over the papers as a murderer?"

A knock came on a door in the side wall.

Anne unlocked the door and opened it.

Lispeth Wellson stood in the small passage that led to the library. Her arms were straight down at her sides, her hands in tight fists. Her face was colorless, her mouth like a twisted cut across it. She came in, closing the door.

"I've heard the rotten things you've—"

Francis Priest took three strides to her side. "Lispeth! Please!"

Lispeth stepped closer to Anne. "I'd like to know what you mean, interfering—" She stopped to swallow.

"The man I love," Anne said, "is accused of a terrible thing he didn't do."

"Yes! So you'd like to pin it on the man *I* love. All right. So you can know what a meddling imbecile you are, listen. You know that Francis and I are in love, and have had to hide it. So we've been pretending to go to bed when the others did, then coming downstairs and going for walks.

"We did that the night—the—Sunday night. We came upstairs again about two o'clock. We were standing outside my door, when we thought we heard somebody moving in my uncle's room. My door was open. I pulled Francis in. We stayed there for five or ten minutes in the dark. Then he crossed the hall to his room. So there goes your evidence about the bloody sneaker!"

ANNE prayed her voice would come steady. It did. "I'm not so sure. You and Mr. Priest would have been logical accomplices. You have a morphine idiosyncrasy, so that you can take it without being drowsy. You were in New York two days before the murder, and could have bought morphine.

"*And,* with your room connecting with Bob's through the bath, it would have been very safe for you and your accomplice to go into Bob's room and arrange things. Whereas a murderer without your collaboration would have run a serious risk of being heard by you from the adjoining room."

Francis Priest caught Lispeth's elbow.

"Come *on!*" he snapped. "You'll only make it worse."

Anne watched them go. Then she added notes to those she had already scribbled.

Some one knocked.

"Come in," Anne called.

At sight of the broad black-draped figure in the doorway, Anne sprang forward solicitously. "Oh, Mrs. Wellson! I—I hope I'm not in your way here. I—sort of took possession of this room without asking."

The murdered man's widow gave Anne the vestige of a smile.

"No, my dear," she said. "You're not in my way. But Bob told me you were trying to get at the truth of this—this awful thing, and I've just noticed something that you really ought to know. For months the hinges of—of Mr. Wellson's door have been squeaking horribly. Just now, when I went into his room to put some things away, I noticed that there was no squeak at all. I'm quite certain that door hasn't squeaked since—since Sunday. And then I put my finger on the lower hinge—the upper one's too high for me—and it was very oily. I don't suppose it's important," Mrs. Wellson said. "I suppose when you look into it—"

"Mrs. Wellson," Anne murmured, "I'll bet it's *the* most important thing I've learned yet!"

THE district attorney's office smelled of mice. The district attorney smelled of bay rum. He rapped on his desk.

"I have called this highly irregular meeting this morning at the request of Police Commissioner Auslander and Colonel Spill of the State Police. At their request, also, I am placing the meeting in the hands of Miss Anne Storm, who is, I am told, studying to be a psychiatrist. None of you can be legally compelled to answer her questions. We request you to do so in the interests of justice."

He bowed to Anne, who sat beside him at the cheap mahogany table. Anne's eyes darted for an instant to Bob, who sat by the far wall between a fat bald-headed man and a little red-faced man. She looked down at the stack of papers before her.

"There are several points to clear up," she said huskily. "In this room we have every one who was in the Wellson house the night of the murder. Every one who survives."

The cook, sitting between the two maids, sniffled.

Anne said, "Haskins."

"Yes, Miss Storm," the butler answered.

"Have you any idea who oiled the hinges of some of the doors on the bedroom floor?"

"Yes, Miss Storm. I did it myself. Sunday afternoon. Mr. Wellson rang for me and told me to do it at once."

"But why did you oil only three doors?"

"I naturally began with Mr. Wellson's. Then I remembered that the door to the servants' quarters has had an awful squeak, so I did that next. The nearest one to that was Mr. Robert's, so I did that. Then the telephone rang and I ran down to answer it. I forgot the rest of the oiling."

"Thank you," Anne said.

She turned to Priest, sitting beside Lispeth.

"Mr. Priest, Colonel Spill tells me you volunteered to help in the search of the locked drawers of Mr. Wellson's desk on the day after the murder. Were you anxious to see what papers were found?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about an odd letter we found. I'll ask Colonel Spill to read it aloud."

The State Police officer cleared his throat and read:

"Dear Mr. Wellson:

"This is the third letter I have written to you and I wish you would have the decency to answer it, so I can know where I stand. I know you are ashamed of your marriage to my grandmother and you think you did your duty when you established that trust for her and my mother, but it seems to me a man as rich as you are ought to be too proud to let his own legitimate grandson starve.

"Since my mother died and your trust fund stopped, I have done my best. Now I think you might help me a little. I do not ask you to acknowledge me publicly, but only to do your duty and give me a little money to tide me over.

"I talked to a lawyer, and he said I could not do anything while you are alive but I would have a good chance to break your will after you die. That will get it all in the papers and you can save your family that by arranging something now.

"Respectfully, your grandson,

"CHARLES L. JONATHAN.

"Answer General Delivery, Station PL, New York City."

(Continued on page seventeen)

Have you tasted the most delicious soup in the world?

You will say "yes!" when you taste Campbell's Tomato Soup. You will know that you have found your favorite soup. Its sunny, sparkling flavor instantly delights your appetite. You realize that you will want it over and over again, because it has the tang and invigoration you most enjoy in soup. You remember it as the most delightful soup you ever tasted!

And no wonder! For it is made with Canada's most luscious, sun-ripened tomatoes. In the smooth, rich purée, Campbell's blend the finest creamery butter, and the skillful seasoning adds the final touch to the enticing flavor. Just the extra delicious kind of soup you expect from the great Campbell's kitchens. Enjoy it today—and often.

Serve it both ways!

It's sparkling Tomato Soup when you add water. It's richly delicious Cream of Tomato when you add milk or cream.

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Is my delight—
It makes me sleep
So sound at night!

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(Continued from page fourteen)

Colonel Spill added: "The letter is not dated. On the margin is penciled in Howard Wellson's hand, 'Answered No, May 23.'"

District Attorney Gittens grunted imperiously.

"Very interesting," he said; "but we've all agreed that the murder was done by some one in the house."

Anne spoke directly to Gittens: "The letter is one of the unexplained things that may be connected with the murder." To Francis Priest she said: "What can you tell us about Charles L. Jonathan?"

Priest's lips were white. He swallowed.

"I never heard of him or the letter," he said just audibly.

"Maggie Bustiple," Anne said, and looked kindly at a thin mousy woman in the row of servants. "You remember a handkerchief of Mr. Robert Wellson's, very fine linen, double-hemstitched, with an elaborate monogram?"

The laundress did not trust her voice, but nodded.

"Can you remember when you last saw this handkerchief?"

"It was—was—" The frightened voice cracked and started again: "It was Saturday afternoon. I done up some little things like handkerchiefs and doilies and things Friday. It was in a pile I didn't have time to iron Saturday afternoon. I was going to iron them Sunday and I left them into the laundry on the table there."

"And you didn't iron them Sunday?"

"Yes, miss. Only—I didn't think about it till you ast me—only I didn't do the handkerchief Sunday — because it wasn't there."

"Thank you. Now will you please tell what you told me about the servants' bath towel?"

"Yes, miss. But it ain't anything. It's just you ast me if I see anything out of the ordinary. And I said yes—it struck me funny I put four clean bath towels in the servants' bath Sunday night when I went to bed, and it was late and my room's next to the bathroom and I didn't hear anybody in there, but in the morning first thing, because I was first up, one of the clean towels was used. It struck me funny-like, but—"

"Thank you," Anne cut her off. "Can any one explain the used towel?"

"Yes, Miss Storm." It was Haskins who answered. "I couldn't sleep that night. I got up—I couldn't say what time, but late—and took a warm bath to see if it would make me sleepy."

"And did it?"

"Yes, Miss Storm."

"Thank you."

BEFORE Anne could go on, the district attorney was on his feet.

"I'm sorry, Miss Storm," he said, "but all this seems quite silly. I've no doubt that you could go on and show that the cook cut the fingernails of her left hand but not her right, and the wrong newspaper was delivered Sunday morning, and the cat had kittens. Your points are beautifully true, but they have nothing to do with the case. I'm ready to go ahead this minute with my prosecution of Robert Wellson as his uncle's murderer. *And* get a conviction, no matter how many servants took baths or whose handkerchiefs were in the wash. Unless you've got something a lot more essential, I'll have to adjourn this meeting."

Anne arose too. "These are minor points. But they are all necessary. What they need is a central fact to pull them together so that you can see where they fit in with each other and with the case. I am now ready with the central fact."

She exchanged glances with Colonel Spill. He nodded slightly.

"For four days," Anne went on, "Colonel Spill, at my request, has been looking for the man who was general delivery clerk in Station PL of the New York City Post Office last May. He had left the postal service. Colonel Spill's men found him only last night. He has been brought to Mumqueag by train this morning. He is here now. Will you have him brought in, please, colonel?"

Spill limped to the door. He stepped out of the room for a moment, and led in a stoop-shouldered middle-aged man.

A trooper came in and stood against the door.

"This is Eric Filsen," Colonel Spill said to the district attorney. Then to Filsen: "Will you please look at the people in this room and see whether there is any one present whom you can positively identify as Charles L. Jonathan, to whom you used to deliver letters?"

THE man Filsen came forward uncertainly and peered about the room as if he had stepped into the light from pitch-darkness. There was not a movement, not a sound. Methodically the eyes moved over the assembled people from left to right. The witness's face did not change.

At last he turned to Spill. "He's shaved his mustache," he said, "and he's got his hair longer—used to wear it clipped. But it's him, all right."

The district attorney jumped up, toppling his chair over.

"Him?" he shouted. "Him? *Which* is 'him'?"

"Oh. I thought you knew and just wanted me to confirm it. Excuse me," Filsen said. "That man there."

His long, bent forefinger indicated Haskins.

Nobody stirred. Nobody spoke. The silence held them as if they were frozen.

Haskins moved at last. He fumbled in a pocket and brought out a cigarette case. He selected a cigarette and snapped the case shut. "Now I'm not a butler any more, you don't mind if I smoke?" Still no one budged. Haskins crossed his legs and leaned back in his chair.

"Funny," he said. "The one I was worried about was Beale, the old butler. I bribed him to retire and recommend me. Told him I wanted to get a start and couldn't without references. You could have found him easily. He lives in Patchogue."

"We did find him," Anne said.

Haskins, the cigarette at his lips, smiled. "Well, it was worth a try, anyway."

He tilted his head back and bit the end of the cigarette. There was a gritty crunching sound.

The man's face contorted. He choked. Then he slid sidewise from the chair to hump on the floor in a sprawling heap.

There was noise and movement enough then.

It was Spill who dove through the mass to save the cigarette. He smelled the fumes of the tiny bottle it held.

"I suppose," he said to the trooper at his side, "that cyanide's pleasanter than the hot squat. M-m-m?"

THE END

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning

BRASSBOUND

The first choice out of 7,000 First Novels submitted in response to Liberty's 1933 offer to unknown writers

An Absorbing Drama of Murder and Mystery, and a Strangely Perilous Love

By Mary Bickel

AN ALL-STAR TEAM FOR CANADIAN HOCKEY FANS

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BIG LEAGUE STUFF

UMPIRE BILL BYRON

A Series of Final Revelations by

JOHN J. McGRAW

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS, 1902-1932

Bill Byron's New Watch—The Braves Get an Earful—Luck by the Wagonload—Charlie Faust, Jinx-Killer—"The Dirt" on Some Infields

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THIS series by the Giants' late manager is literally *a baseball World's Series in print.* The opener, in Liberty last week, was like a bombshell of candor. Everybody had known that John McGraw in his palmy days had been "stoned out of more towns and assaulted by more wild-eyed fans" than he could count. But who had ever expected him to say as much, or to explain that it had all been showmanship on his part—"pure showmanship, deliberately planned"?

He recalled the ructions there used to be in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, or Pittsburgh when the Giants were the visiting club. He stirred them up, he said. "Rowdyism? Perhaps"—but "it made a lot of money for the Giants" and made the players fight to win.

He reminded the public that he had been brought up in a fighting baseball school. He told stories of it: the Baltimore Orioles of the '90s, when he and Willie Keeler and Hughey Jennings invented the hit-and-run and the squeeze play.

He explained why he resigned as manager of the Giants a year ago last June. It was partly his health; but it was chiefly that, what with the lively ball and the "power-house attack," the "'master mind' on the bench had lost his grip on the ball game." He advised Connie Mack to follow his example in retiring. It was he him-

U. & U. News photos

Manager McGraw coaching—and watching his chance to start something. This picture dates from the good old days when he smashed Bill Byron's watch.

BRAVES OF 1914. LEFT TO RIGHT: MARTIN, MANN, EVERS, DEVORE, GEORGE STALLINGS, MITCHELL, DEAL.

self, he said with emphasis, who selected Bill Terry to succeed him.

These articles were completed only a short time before Mr. McGraw's fatal illness.

PART TWO—THAT "ROWDYISM" OF MINE

I HAVE been called "the Stormy Petrel of Baseball"—and I guess I deserved the appellation. But frequently I managed to change the entire aspect of a ball game and arouse the flagging spirits of my players by an exhibition of what the newspapers at that time called "McGraw rowdyism."

On one occasion when we were up there fighting for the pennant we were playing a game in Cincinnati. It was a terrifically hot day, and both teams were playing as though their only thought was to get it over with and get under the showers. It didn't matter to the Cincinnati club, but we needed those games.

Something had to be done, and it was up to me to do it. To make matters worse, Bill Byron, who was umpiring back of the plate, was having a particularly bad day. Maybe the heat was getting Bill, too. His decisions were equally bad for both ball clubs, but I decided to assume that he was giving us the worst of it.

When we were at bat I began running in from the third-base coaching line to object to every decision that was at all close. When my team was in the field I'd run out from the bench to file my objections in no uncertain terms. But I seemed to be getting nowhere. Something drastic would have to be done.

Along about the sixth or seventh inning we had a player called out at the plate on a close decision. I rushed in from the third-base coaching line and started to tell Byron what I thought of his ancestors. I kept it up as long as I could, walking around Byron and saying things to him behind his back and then walking around him again when he turned to face me.

Finally Byron ordered me out of the game, but I refused to leave. Then he pulled out his watch.

"I'll give you just two minutes—" he started to say, but before he could get all the words out I acted on a sudden impulse. I grabbed the watch out of his hand and bounced it off the home plate. The works flew in all directions. Byron was speechless. Then I left the game—to the hoots and jeers of the crowd, that had been wakened up by this incident. But my players went back into the game with a different spirit and won it.

The next morning I went to a jewelry store and bought a beautiful gold watch, which I presented to Bill Byron when he came on to the field that afternoon. His had been a cheap watch anyway. Byron was pleased, and all was forgotten. He didn't even make a report of the incident to league headquarters.

George Stallings used similar tactics in 1914—and he drove a ball club that had only one .300 hitter and the worst outfield any big league club ever had from last place on Fourth of July to a world's championship in October. That year, instead of the "rowdy Giants," it was the "rowdy Braves." They had stolen our stuff.

Before the opening game of the World's Series in Philadelphia in 1914 Stallings called Johnny Evers, his chief lieutenant, and instructed him to get all the players together and have them sitting in the chairs directly in front of the telephone booths at the Aldine Hotel. When they were all in position Stallings came stalking through their midst, apparently as mad as a hornet. He entered a telephone booth, leaving the door slightly ajar. They heard him call the number of Shibe Park, the playing field of the Athletics.

"Is that Connie Mack?" they heard him inquiring. "Well, I just called up to tell you that you ought to be thrown out of baseball for even making the suggestion that you did to me."

He apparently listened a while. Then—

"All right, all right! My players will fight it out with yours—and you'd better tell that bunch of Sunday-school kids of yours to keep out of our way if they don't want to go to the hospital. That's all, you big boob!"

THEN Stallings banged the receiver on to the hook and stormed out through the lobby. The players gaped after him. Finally Rabbit Maranville spoke: "Well, boys, get all your guns loaded—this looks like a fight!"

Evers then hunted up Stallings. "Listen, George," he said to him. "Don't you think you went a little too far—talking to a man like Connie Mack in that way?"

"Johnny," replied Stallings, smiling, "I had my hand on the receiver hook all the time—I was talking into a dead wire. Connie Mack wasn't even there."

Among the players happened to be a sport writer. The noon editions of the Philadelphia evening papers carried a front-page story under the glaring headline:

STALLINGS IN TELEPHONE FIGHT WITH CONNIE MACK

It stirred Philadelphia from one end to the other. The Braves went into that World's Series with a fighting spirit that couldn't be denied, and they won the world's championship in four consecutive games.

I have won ten pennants and three world's championships for the Giants; but look back over those teams and you will find that, aside from the pitchers, they possessed no great individual stars—none like Babe Ruth,

"I grabbed the watch out of his hand and bounced it off the home plate. The works flew in all directions."

Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Lou Gehrig, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane, or Jimmy Foxx.

Artifice, rather than such stars, is what I employed. I even used a load of empty barrels to win my first pennant for the Giants.

Taking charge of a last-place club in July, 1902, I brought it in second the next season and won the pennant in 1904. In midseason that year the team went into a batting slump. We were losing game after game. Then one day Frank Bowerman came into the clubhouse with a smile on his face. "Saw a load of empty barrels on my way to the park today, boys," he announced. "Watch me pickle that old apple this afternoon!"

And he did—four hits out of five times at bat. That gave me an idea. The next day three or four more of the players came in and announced they had seen a load of empty barrels as they came into the grounds and Bowerman wasn't going to have anything on them when it came to hitting. They all got out of their batting slump that afternoon and we won the first ball game we had won in a week.

More players saw a load of empty barrels the following day and started to hit. Finally all the players on the club had seen those empty barrels, and opposing pitchers were being driven to the showers every day.

Billy Gilbert, second baseman of the Giants, began to get suspicious. He had seen those barrels several different times and had noticed that the horses were always the same.

"Say," he said to Dan McGann, "when you saw that load of empty barrels did it have one white horse and one sorrel horse hitched to the wagon?"

"Yes," replied McGann. "Why?"

"Sure it had," I interrupted, because it had served its purpose and I didn't care now. "I hired that teamster by the week to drive around the park and meet you fellows coming in. You don't think I could afford to have him change horses every day, do you?"

THE players had a good laugh—but their batting slump had been broken by me taking advantage of the ball players' pet superstition.

An observant manager can frequently change the mental attitude of his whole team by such a simple subterfuge. I still believe it was the clowning of a Kansas farmer boy that won the pennant for us in 1911.

We were playing in St. Louis on our midseason trip through the West when at the Planter's Hotel one day an awkward-looking towhead came into the lobby and asked for me. He said his name was Charlie Faust and he was from Marion, Kansas. He further informed me that a fortune teller at Marion had told him he could be a great pitcher and get his name in the papers, and that if he gave her five dollars she would tell him how. He had given her the five bucks, and she had said that all he would have to do was to join the New York Giants—and here he was.

I saw what his baseball ambitions amounted to, but I thought a little harmless kidding might do my glooming ball players some good, and as we were then having indifferent success, I told Charlie Faust to come out to the ball park and we'd look him over. I gave him a uniform and the players amused themselves warming up with him. Then somebody suggested that he looked like a great base runner, and they had him give an exhibition of sliding to the bases. It was all in fun—but we won the ball game that afternoon. Faust came out to the ball park every day we were in St. Louis and went through his antics before the game—and we didn't lose a game in that series.

The night after the final game we were leaving for Chicago and I forgot all about Charlie Faust, but when we got down to Union Station, there he was.

"Did you get your contract and transportation?" I asked him.

"No," replied the lanky Kansan.

"That's too bad," I said. "I left it for you with the clerk at the hotel. The train leaves in two minutes, but if you can run like you say you can, you can make it and be back here in time."

He went galloping awkwardly up the platform and out through the street to get his "contract and transportation," and I thought that I had seen the last of Charlie Faust. As he disappeared in the crowd I was almost sorry to see him go. Somehow I actually felt that we had lost something.

WE couldn't win in Chicago, and played around the circuit with indifferent success, then got back to New York with the pennant just a remote possibility. The first day we were in New York who should walk into the clubhouse but Charlie Faust, with several inches of dust and mud caked on him. He had been riding the freights all the way from St. Louis to New York to rejoin "his ball club."

"Well, I got here all right," he said to me.

"I see you did," I replied.

Charlie stuck around the Polo Grounds for two or three days and we won. Then I decided I would have to get rid of him and I ordered the man on the clubhouse door to keep him out. I found him that day outside the clubhouse, crying because he couldn't get in to put on his uniform—and we lost that day. After the game he told the players that they had lost because they didn't have him—and the funniest part of it was that some of the players believed him. They had been checking up and found that the only series we had won had been those we had played when he was with us and doing his stunts before the game.

I then hunted him up and told him it had been a mistake—we wanted him to come back. Charlie was delighted. We started to win, and we kept on winning, and Charlie Faust began to make good the prophecy of that fortune teller by getting his name in all of the newspapers.

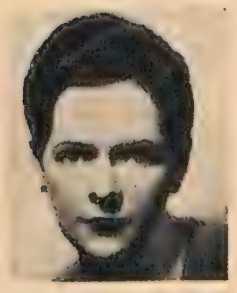
Then one of the newspapermen who had been writing him up got him a vaudeville engagement in New York at a salary of $100 a week because of the publicity he had attained. We lost three games the week he was absent from the grounds filling this vaudeville engagement. Charlie had been watching the scores in the papers and figuring that *(Continued on page twenty-two)*

"They heard him call Shibe Park. 'I just called up to tell you that you ought to be thrown out of baseball!'"

Drawings by Carl Pfeufer

"Romance Dies when a man neglects shaving!"

SAYS FAITH BALDWIN, NOTED AUTHORESS



FAITH BALDWIN

YES, the young man has lost his girl. Neglect—just neglect of shaving—has turned her against him. Stubble is repulsive to her as it is to most girls and women. So another happy engagement is broken.

Things like this *do* happen. Let Faith Baldwin, famous author of "Office Wife," "Skyscraper" and "Weekend Marriage," give you the facts. She knows her feminine psychology—knows what women think. Says Miss Baldwin, "the *slightly soiled*, faintly blue appearance of sprouting whiskers does not indicate a he-man; it merely brands one as careless or slovenly. I *know* of romances wrecked by stubble. An untidy growth of whiskers is intolerable, and no man can expect to win the regard of others, either men or women, unless he is careful about keeping clean shaven."

* * *

FEW will disagree with Miss Baldwin's statement—yet how many men employ hit-or-miss shaving methods! Today there is no excuse for neglect. The Gillette "Blue Blade"—especially made for men with tender skin—shaves sensitive faces without irritation. In fact, this blade *invites* frequent, close shaves. **No razor can be entirely satisfactory unless adjustable for the requirements of *your beard*.** The Gillette Razor with its *flexible* blade provides this essential feature. Automatic honing and stropping assure uniformity and sharpness previously impossible to achieve. You will find shaving daily and twice a day, when necessary, entirely comfortable if you use the Gillette "Blue Blade." Buy a package today.

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BLUE BLADES

Now 5 FOR 25¢ • 10 FOR 50¢

(Continued from page twenty) he wasn't doing right by his ball club. It needed him, and what was $100 a week when the pennant hung in the balance! So he jumped his vaudeville contract with a wave of his hand that would have done credit to J. Pierpont Morgan, and rejoined the Giants.

And believe it or not, we didn't lose another game on the home grounds after he came back. We had him giving his funny base-running exhibitions, in which he slid into every base on his way around, before each game. But he kept bothering me about his contract, so I finally gave him a phony one and paid him some money each week, deciding to take him along on our final trip through the West.

In the meantime the papers had been full of stories about him. The Sunday night we left for Boston a vaudeville agent was at Grand Central Station with a contract offering him $100 a week for five weeks, but Charlie refused it with a wave of his hand and the announcement that he had to "help the Giants win the pennant."

That was one of the most successful Western trips we ever had. Starting it with the pennant almost out of reach, we won eighteen and lost only four games while on the road.

One of the four we lost in St. Louis, when some of the newspaper writers kidnaped Charlie Faust and sat him on the St. Louis bench in order to make a story; and they got the story, for Faust and most of my players honestly believed we had lost because he was on our opponents' bench.

Another day in St. Louis the game had gone eleven innings and the Cardinals needed one run to win. In the last half of the eleventh they had runners on second and third with only one out, and Rube Marquard, pitching for us, was apparently weakening. Charlie Faust was busy warming up in the bull pen when I sent Christy Mathewson hurriedly out to summon him to the bench. I felt that it might do some good in that situation, due to the apparent superstition that had been built up on my ball club that we had better than an even break when this Kansan was on the bench. Charlie came loping in to the bench in that kangaroo gallop of his and all the players saw him. I purposely stopped the game so they would. St. Louis failed to score and we won that ball game in the next inning—a great piece of pinch-mascoting by Charlie Faust.

THAT towheaded Kansas farmer boy, with his good humor and his cavorting, kept the players in good spirits all through the trip. The feeling prevailed on our ball club that we couldn't lose with him along, and the players would have paid his "salary" themselves rather than see him leave the club. He gave out interviews to the papers, saying "me and McGraw and the Giants is gonna win the pennant sure," to which the sport writers added some inventions of their own. Charlie Faust was advertised all over the circuit, posed sliding into the bases for the photographers, and got a lot of publicity in every city in which we played. People got to going to the ball games just to see him. My players firmly believed that his presence with the club exercised some sort of charm that made the team invincible—which made it actually true because of this mental attitude. And they kept on winning till we had the pennant cinched.

Charlie had two special weaknesses aside from the illusion that he was destined to be a great ball player. These were eating pie for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and gorging nearly a whole one before going to bed, and getting his hands manicured and his face massaged. He'd go into a barber shop with any player who was getting shaved and take a massage and a manicure just for sociability, as another man might take a drink. On one day in St. Louis he established a world's record of five face massages and five manicures, the ball players purposely going into the barber shop one at a time and asking him to go with them, just to see how long he would keep it up.

But the mysterious charm of Charlie Faust suffered a severe setback in the World's Series that year, when the Athletics beat us four games to two. That was the series Frank Baker broke up with home runs off Marquard and Mathewson in the second and third games.

Another of the superstitions of ball players is that once a jinx killer fails, he loses his charm, so Charlie Faust never came back to the Giants. But wherever he is today, I want him to know that I give him full credit for the important part he played in winning a pennant for me—the National League pennant in 1911.

That was the year we practically "stole" the pennant, and we went on to "steal" it the two following years. With a young ball club composed of such fast players as Josh Devore, Fred Snodgrass, "Red" Murray, Larry Doyle, Fred Merkle, and Art Fletcher, but with nothing much in the way of hitting for a championship team, I adopted a base-running game, and we stole close to three hundred bases a season, almost as many as a whole league steals today. In one game against Boston, Josh Devore stole four bases in a single inning—the ninth.

WHEN we won the pennant in 1911 we stole more bases than any other big league club had since 1903, and I personally signaled every one of those stolen bases from my position on the coaching line or the bench. We acquired such a reputation for stealing bases that I believe the effort to hold our runners on the bags, and worrying about what we would do next, reduced the efficiency of opposing pitchers at least one third.

Our reputation followed us into the World's Series that year and served to worry the Athletics more than anything else. After we had beaten them in the opening game at the Polo Grounds by a score of 2 to 1 in a wonderfully pitched ball game between Mathewson and Bender, and then gone to Philadelphia to play the next game, I was surprised at the wet condition of the base lines.

"Did it rain here last night?" I inquired of a citizen who was standing near.

"No," he answered me; "it hasn't rained here for a week or so."

Then I knew that the base lines had been "doped"—wet down purposely to slow up our base runners. This "doping" of a baseball grounds to favor the home team and handicap its opponents was something with which I was perfectly familiar, as that was another little artifice of the game that we had carried to a high state of perfection with the old Baltimore Orioles.

With fast base runners and clever bunters like Willie Keeler, Hughey Jennings, Joe Kelley, and myself using a bunting and base-running game as our most dangerous form of attack, we got the ground keeper to mix with the soil of the infield a kind of clay which, when wet and then rolled, was almost as hard as concrete and gave us a "fast track" to work on. In addition, the ground outside the first- and third-base lines was built up slightly to keep well placed bunts from rolling foul, while toward first base we created a distinct down grade to aid us in beating out bunts. Another trick was to soap the soil around the pitcher's box, so that when the pitcher picked up some soil to dry his perspiring hands it made his palm and fingers so slippery he could not control the ball. Our own pitchers knew where the unadulterated earth was or carried some private stock in a hip pocket.

Fred Clarke adopted this little trick from us and used it on his grounds in Pittsburgh. One day "Bugs" Raymond was pitching against the Pirates in Pittsburgh, and he always had to keep drying his hands in the dirt. Raymond was one of the few pitchers who regularly "had it on" Hans Wagner. He could actually make the great Wagner look foolish on occasion. So Clarke had the soil around the pitcher's box soaped on the day he knew Raymond would work.

For two or three innings "Bugs" couldn't control the ball at all. His hands were slippery and the more he tried to dry them with the soil that he picked up around the pitcher's box the worse they seemed to get. This made him suspicious. And then he had an idea—a thing that was rare with "Bugs."

After that he seemed to get better as the game went along, though occasionally he still reached down and picked up a little earth. But it was noticed that after he did so he always reached into his hip pocket. After the

game, which he won, he walked over to Fred Clarke with a wide grin on his face and pulled a handful of dark-brown substance from his hip pocket.

"Ever see any of that stuff, Fred?" he asked. "That's rosin—better for pitchin' than that soapy ground you got out there."

After that, all the pitchers got to carrying rosin or powdered pumice stone in their pockets, and soaping the soil around the pitcher's box became another little strategy of other days that went into the discard.

SUCH tactics are considered unethical today and have largely disappeared from the game, but there is still opportunity for the observant manager to help his ball club by some little side play that is totally disassociated with the playing of the game itself.

To the average spectator ball games and pennants are things that are won or lost wholly by the plays they see executed on the playing field. In a sense they are, but actually the inspiration behind the winning of a closely contested ball game or pennant frequently comes from incidents that happen outside the ball games and unobserved by the fans in the stands.

A telegram and the use Bill Terry made of it played an important part in winning the pennant and the world's championship for the Giants last fall.

In mid-season last year Blondy Ryan, Giant shortstop, suffered a severe spike wound, and during his absence the Giants lost seven consecutive ball games. They were being hard pressed for the lead, and morale was beginning to totter. Then came the telegram:

THEY CANT BEAT US I AM ON MY WAY RYAN

Terry stuck the telegram up in the clubhouse for all the players to read. That exhibition of confidence on the part of an injured player restored the morale of the ball club, and it went on to win the pennant and the World's Series. The telegram is now tacked up in the Giants' dressing rooms at the Polo Grounds as an object of inspiration.

A minor league pitcher who never before had pitched a big league ball game once beat us out of a pennant, and then we drove him out of the league and back to the bushes through something that happened off the playing field altogether.

But that is another story, which I will tell in Liberty next week.

It's a smash story, worthy of Ring Lardner at the top of his humorous bent—and it's true! Can you name the pitcher? The year was 1908. Other pitchers — Matty, Mordecai Brown, Alexander, Carl Hubbell—figure in the other astonishing inside stories that will appear, just as John J. McGraw told them, in next week's installment.

MOTHER

guardian of the

FAMILY HEALTH

Mother's very life is her family!

Who is the first to notice that something has gone wrong in the household? Mother!

Who first notices that Tommy or Mary is cross and out of sorts? Mother!

And so it is but natural that the mothers of the nation are so well informed on matters of health. For instance, they realize the importance of that first rule of health — "keep regular!" And of keeping a good laxative in the medicine cabinet — ready for use when some member of the family needs it.

Mothers, for 27 years, have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. They have found that it is entirely unnecessary to use violent cathartics — even for the strongest member of the family.

They like its delicious chocolate taste. They have found that Ex-Lax is all a perfect laxative ought to be — pleasant, gentle, and yet thoroughly effective.

They have found that Ex-Lax doesn't cause stomach pains or distress. And they like the convenience of Ex-Lax — no bottles, no spoons, no mess, nothing to shake, nothing to spill.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The SHE-DEVIL

A Vivid Novel of Today's Daughters Reaches New Heights of Drama

by RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

JOYCE PALGRAVE, débutante daughter of Ledyard and Paula Palgrave, has just witnessed the horrible shattering of her life's ideals. She has seen her adored mother, with breasts bared, in rendezvous in their Westchester County home with E. Terry Grahame, a monocled fop. And she has seen her darling father murder them both in a maniacal frenzy, then kill himself.

To Joyce, the purity of the love which she had always believed her parents held for each other had been a beacon light for her. It had held her aloof from the wild country-club gayeties of her older brother, Evert, and younger sister, Leta. It had given her the strength to refuse the pleadings of Morgan Sargent, an extremely wealthy admirer whose wife is in London.

And now, with all her illusions blacked out in stark tragedy and her family bankrupt, she faces a new and hopeless life with but one certainty. This is that Peter Haden, her father's young attorney, loves her; and that she can never marry him. She tells him as much, pointing out that as his wife her disgrace would ruin him too.

PART THREE

THE PALGRAVES AGAINST THE WORLD

THE funeral was as private as it could be kept, but curiosity recruited a crowd of strangers about the house when Paula and Ledyard were brought back for the brief while of the ceremony and taken away again.

Everything once holy and beautiful seemed to have become a mockery to Joyce—the flowers, the music, the poor clergyman's efforts to keep from saying too little, or too much. His solemn pompous phrases were mummery to her. Under the influence of a song she cried, but it was the inarticulate voice of all regret that made her weep. She felt very sorry for her father and mother, remembering their early devotion, and realizing that they had probably expected their romance to last forever. And Laddie must have loved Paula immensely to have been so maddened by her disloyalty. Paula must have been very unhappy or out of her mind or she could never have taken up with such a companion as E. Terry Grahame. Poor souls! Poor dear victims of life!

Yet, while her heart ached it hardened. She decided that life was all wrong. Life was not to be trusted. The poetry of marriage was just words, like the sonorous nonsense of the funeral. The wise thing was to keep from believing life or people or trusting your senses, anything, anybody.

The next ceremony was the reading of the will. That was even more private. Also it was something of a joke, for the will was several years old, and since its drafting her father had lost everything he bequeathed. Even the cash presents to the devoted old servants were empty gestures. After Peter had read the will to the children, he explained regretfully that they were penniless as well as parentless, and that even the homestead was no longer available for residence.

The three were trained to be good sports. They took the blows standing up. Nobler and more heroic children who had lost far less would have posed and prayed and been devoutly meek about it or magnificently oratorical, but the Palgrave cubs accepted it as "a rub of the green"—a bit of bad luck in the game that had to be accepted as an unearned but inescapable penalty. Peter had to say:

"You're well plucked uns as ever I see."

Evert twisted the cockneyism: "Well plucked is the word. Nothing left but our pinfeathers."

Joyce called for a family conference and nominated herself chairman. She said, in part:

"Dearly beloved fellow sinners, the will you have just heard amounts to a writ, or whatever it is, of eviction. Somebody has removed our parents, our money, and even our roof. Aunt Docia has offered us a roof and we'd better take it—we've got to—along with Aunt Docia's peculiarly odious personality. She's not doing this out of any love for us. She loathes us, but she's ashamed to have us out in the rain. We had better accept her kind offer in the same spirit. But we've got to begin earning our own money. We can't let bum luck crack down on us and break us. Evert, you might as well make up your mind to quit college. You've graduated from football anyway, and that's all college has meant to you. Where you'll get a job I don't know, but you can't eat Aunt Docia's roof, so root, hog, or die.

"Leta, your school days are over, too, unless you can work your way through night school and learn stenography, cookery, manicuring, finger waving, or something—something useful."

The novelty of adventure delighted Leta.

"I'll try anything till I learn to like it. I was the longest time really enjoying cigarettes. It would be grand if we could open a shop of some kind. All the dukes and dukines and busted swells are doing it. Why can't we?"

"There's just one objection, darling. We don't know a damned thing about running any known business. And if we did, we haven't any stock and can't get any. I understand you have to have credit and all sorts of things, and who'd lend us a penny? Opening a shop is out."

"How about marriage?" said Leta. "A rich marriage would be nice."

"In the first place, darling, you're too young to make it legal; and in the second, I haven't seen any millionaires hounding you."

"How about you, then?" said Leta. "You've got

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER

AS THE LIQUOR ROSE SHE PASSED FROM A LADY COMPLETELY SUPERIOR TO A LADY OF MORE TOLERANCE.

"What would you say if I told you that I was going to have a baby?" said Leta. "Don't joke about such things."

Morgan Sargent following you around like Mary's lamb. They say he's so rich he stinks."

"And that's not the only reason," said Joyce. "Besides, he has one wife and she seems to be devoted to him as long as she can sleep with an ocean between them."

"Well, you could get a rich man easy with your looks and your figger."

"Thanks, darling, but I really couldn't think of it. I wouldn't so much mind taking up mamma's side line, but I couldn't take money for it."

"No," said Evert. "We've got to keep our amateur status pure."

"That prevents you from being a gigolo," said Leta. "You big Swede, why aren't you out earning a fortune so as to keep your sisters like gentlewomen should be kept?"

"Gentlewomen? Gentle wildcats! And for the love of heaven, say '*as* they should be kept,' not '*like* they should be kept.' Ain't you got no grammar at taw-ull?"

"No, I ain't never sor a collitch, and I ain't even been kept. But I was asking Joyce: what are her plans?"

Joyce answered: "I thought I'd try to sell the only thing I know the least thing about."

"Horses? Are you laying to sell horses? Where you going to get 'em?—except Commodore, and you'd rather sell your right eye."

"I'm not going to sell horses, but horsemanship. There's a lot of people that want to know which end of a horse goes first, and which side to climb up on, and how to stay there once you get there, and how to steer the thing, and what to put on where it hurts. And then I can teach horses how to stand human beings, not to give a horse laugh or worse at what they have to carry, train 'em not to put on a rodeo stunt the first time a fat woman begins to bounce.

"And I can show horses in the ring and win prizes and ribbons for their owners."

Evert nodded. "I'll say this for you, Joyce—you can ride like a lady. On the ground you're a hoodlum, but in the saddle you're a lady. And you do look swell in a silk hat."

"Bless you for them kind woids, Ev! Old Tom Barwick at the riding school has told me a hundred times he wishes he could have me for a teacher and a gentler and an exhibitor."

"THAT was when you had money. It's different when you need it."

"Maybe so. I'll soon find out. If Barwick won't take me, I'll go into business on my own. I don't need any capital except a pair of wrists and a good seat."

"And we Palgraves always had good setters. We've used 'em a lot, and practice makes perfect."

"But we'll never be as good as our teachers," said Leta. "Was there ever a pair that could ride as perfectly as papa and mamma! Mamma! She can't be dead. I won't have it! I can't bear it!"

"Steady, old girl," said Joyce. "Paula didn't cry—even then. She took the first one and she said, 'It hurts,' but she—she—she didn't cry-baby about it. If Paula could face what she saw coming and ask for it, we ought to be able to take things as they come. We've got to, anyway, for somebody said that's the only way they come. They come as they come. They come as they come. Quite a theme song. It doesn't make much sense—what does? But it's got rhythm, and we gotta get rhythm. Leta, when you used to have to take castor oil you used to smile and say, 'I might as well look like I like it.'"

"She always liked that word 'like,'" said Evert; "not that I give a damn about grammar, but— Oh, God, poor little Paula! My poor little mother—"

"Come, come!" said Joyce. "I really must lift up my finger and say tweet-tweet! Where's the old Evert Palgrave who played a whole quarter of a football game with a broken wrist and wouldn't let anybody know till he

dropped the ball because he couldn't make his fingers behave? And it was really an unimportant game."

"No game is unimportant."

"Well, let's call this a game. The Palgrave Trio against the Four Horsemen and Aunt Docia. And now that everything is settled the meeting will adjourn. We'll pack and move over to Aunt Docia's, and in heaven's name try to behave so that she won't be more ashamed to have us under her roof than on the street. Then we'll set out looking for jobs."

Evert turned to Peter, who had sat as the gallery at the congress.

"Pete, old dear, do you know where I can get a job?"

"Yes, at my office."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, sharpening pencils and your wits and watching the clock and—I'll make a place for you."

That is just what he had to do. He had a slim enough excuse for adding a famous football player to the firm's staff of idlers, but he had to do what he could for his clients. But even he could find no excuse for taking either Joyce or Leta into his office. And they refused to borrow any of his rather scanty funds.

And so the tight-knit Palgrave family unraveled and dispersed to meet the world at a most unpropitious time, in a most unpropitious mood.

Everything that happened conspired to wreck Joyce's illusions further. She got the job with Barwick, but he cut down her wages so low that she hated him. Since he laid the blame for his parsimony on his customers, she hated them.

Life at Aunt Docia's was a further humiliation, an exacerbation. The miserly and snobbish spinster treated her helpless guests as beggars on her bounty and begrudged them every grace.

They simply had to go out for amusement after their heavy days. And the days were heavy. Peter was too busy to give Evert any time or help, and he perished of boredom.

Leta tried to find one of those positions she had read about in English novels—as companion to a rich old dowager, or as governess to some very nice young children, or as social secretary to some fashionable woman. But the dowagers were getting no dividends from their estates, and if they had been, the thought of Leta as a companion to an elderly woman would have been as funny as paying a squirrel to wait on an old goose. A few mothers of nice young children took a glance at Leta and decided that she would soon be governing their nice young husbands. Social activities were so dead that only a few impregnably rich women had any use for a secretary, and Leta, like most of the products of finishing schools, had not yet learned either to spell or to compose a readable English sentence in a legible hand.

AFTER pitiful discouragements she finally accepted a job as a sort of general utility girl—or futility girl—in a hairdressing shop, where she had once spent eons of time and scads of money.

All three of the orphans learned with dismay the commonplaces of the workaday life: the mad terror of being late, the shame endured from employers or customers in ugly moods, the long stretches of idle boredom.

But hard as it was to endure their inexperience with toil and their inefficiency, humiliating to themselves and irritating to their employers, it was harder to endure the feeling that everybody was watching them, everybody was whispering about them, or waiting a chance to whisper about them, "Their father murdered their mother and she earned what she got. What rotters these swells are, and stupid, too. Murderer's children; children of a harlot that got herself shot."

When they met at night they came in like fugitives from lynchers.

Joyce was dazed by the enormous difference between doing things for fun and for bread and butter. She grew saddlesore, heartsore, brainsore. Most of her pupils were women and children who hated horses and in-

Greatest of all Kotex inventions

*THE 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

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★Three times in two years Kotex improvements have earned Patent protection. *First*—rounded, tapered ends that make protection non-detectable. *Second*—the famous Equalizer, that controls lengthwise absorption and increases efficiency. Now the *third* and greatest improvement—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex.

The Wondersoft pad is exactly the same in width, length, thickness as the old. It has the Equalizer and it has the tapered ends, as before. *In addition* the sides of Wondersoft Kotex are skilfully cushioned to give greater comfort than ever. There is no other sanitary pad like this new Wondersoft Kotex.

A new package for your protection

The Wondersoft Kotex package is *new* in shape, color and design. It no longer looks like a box of sanitary napkins. Ask for Wondersoft Kotex at your dealer's today. And, remember, there is no increase in price—in fact, you get the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex at the lowest price ever asked for Kotex in Canada.

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1 sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.

2 holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.

spired a reciprocal feeling. She was worn down with their amazing inability to learn the simple habits of what had become instinctive with her since childhood. They could not remember to grip with their knees and keep their wrists flexible at the same time, or take the horse's rhythm, or keep their hands off the mane or the pommel.

She had no men pupils, but Barwick had; and some of his men pupils made offensive efforts to scrape favor with Joyce. One man in particular began to haunt the place and her. His name was Jim Deshler.

He was supposed to have been the man higher up in the last of the great bootlegger dynasties. She dared not insult him, for there was no end to his money or his eagerness to toss it away. He planned to buy some of Barwick's horses and he more or less crassly implied a willingness to buy Joyce.

He loved to tell stories of his adventures, and whether true or false, they were picturesque and exciting in dull hours between lessons. He began to fascinate Joyce by his very handicaps, as Othello fascinated Desdemona. He kept inviting her out, but she told him that she never went out.

And she never did. But Evert and Leta had not been so disgusted with life and flirtation. They had not seen with their own eyes what Joyce had seen; they had only heard tell of it, and they could forget. They tried to forget, snatched at chances for escape, welcomed the kindliness of people who would help them back to laughter.

Evert and Leta began to run wild once more, to stay out till all hours, and sometimes all night. More than once one or both of them returned to Aunt Docia's tipsy and noisy, and Joyce had to hush them and smuggle them to their rooms.

It made her as sick as it made them when she preached at them, and she gave it up. None of them mentioned their tragedy any more. They formed a protective shell about their grief. Their constant answer to each other's questions was, "Oh, I'm getting along swell."

BUT Aunt Docia's ears were as sharp as her nose and her tongue. She listened to what was said. She heard hiccups and seasickness sounds, and she could tell—and did tell—just the hour of return. She made virtue so repulsive that she made vice respectable by contrast. Finally Evert said:

"I begin to feel my father's blood in me. If I stay here a week longer I'll begin to shoot."

Leta added, "And I'll soon be spreading rat poison on auntie's crumpets."

There was nothing to do but move out. But where?

A good or an evil angel let down a rope just in time. Wingham and Margaret had taken the management of a little bankrupt inn. All they got out of it was shelter, food, and a bit of change. There were empty rooms going begging. How fine it would be, they said, for Master Evert and Miss Joyce and Miss Leta to take lodgings there at a merely nominal price. Margaret added:

"And if you never paid your bills, you'd be doin' only what most of the other lodgers do—or don't."

The Palgrave trio left Aunt Docia flat and took a four-room suite at the inn. Their old cronies hailed the thought with rapture and made the walls rock with their parties. Margaret and Wingham never dared rebuke them and Joyce was afraid to try. She had always been revolted by the new spirit of mob petting flourishing on the wave of unashamed drunkenness that rolled over the boys and girls who grew up under prohibition. But now she felt that it would be hypocritical to play the prude.

Joyce had thought her mother fine and good, and now she was convinced that propriety was only a mask. All people were liars one way or another. Her world was topsy-turvy and everything was upside down.

Peter Haden had given up calling on Joyce, since he could not stomach the company Evert and Leta drew about her. One day in a dreary mood Joyce listened to Deshler's forty-fifth prayer that she go for a ride with him in his new car.

HE felt an awe of her, as one of those whom the newspapers had described by the hideous new word "socialites." So he attempted no familiarities. But he persuaded her to take a little supper at a little roadside tavern and to take a little drink to take off the little chill from the cold drive.

He took her to her so-to-speak "home" at a late hour. She was convinced that he was harmless and entertaining and a huge relief from the slithy couples that Leta and Evert collected. That night neither Leta nor Evert was yet in when Joyce got back.

She went again with Jim Deshler and again. She drank a little more, since it was a good deal colder. The liquor warmed her heart, made her democratic. She began to sneer at her own snobbery. Who was she that she should feel superior to anybody? After all, Jim Deshler had had a hard life. He was a likable chap. He was called away on one of his mysterious errands. She missed him at the riding school. She missed him dreadfully of evenings, for then she must sit alone in a room and remember. Remember! And wonder where Evert and Leta were and what they were up to; wonder whither they were all drifting.

She wondered, too, where Peter Haden could be. She had told him to keep away from her, to find some other girl. What if he did? It was none of her business, yet it drove her frantic to imagine him making love to some girl, some prettier girl than she was, some luscious beauty whose face she could not quite see but whom she hated with a venomous jealousy that she fought in vain.

Perhaps Peter at that very moment had his head on the breast of some girl and his hands in her hair. She had to leap to her feet and walk the floor. She saw Terry Grahame and her mother, only it was Peter Haden and—and who?

Sometimes the telephone would ring and some man she

TRAIN-AUTO DUELS

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the seventh of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

DON QUIXOTE, who went about fighting windmills with his jousting lance, was a gent of brilliant mentality compared to the Traffic Chiseler who tries to beat the train.

Warning bells, wigwag lights, gates, and other devices hint strongly that a train is coming—but the Chiseler doesn't take hints.

Just remember that any time may be train time at a railroad crossing and that the right of way belongs to the train.

Approach grade crossings cautiously. Slow down and, unless vision is clear both ways, better stop. Look both ways and listen. The few seconds lost may prove to be the most important interval in your life. We have all waited for trains time and again at stations, so delaying a few seconds more on the highway—just to be sure—certainly isn't going to upset our routine.

It doesn't pay to gamble with life. Least of all by fighting duels or running races with trains.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

had met at the riding school would dare to invite her out. And she dared not refuse because it was her only escape from the torments that beset her alone.

So she accepted more and more invitations. Some of the men were not so respectful as Deshler. She had to slap a few faces. But she forgave the men when they apologized. She would take a drink or two to celebrate the armistice.

And now, at various levels of alcohol, various new Joyces began to appear. It was very quaint. It amused her to study these new selves. As the liquor rose it submerged one by one the better and finer acquired instincts. By a kind of reversed evolution she passed from a lady completely superior to nearly all animal emotions to a lady of more tolerance, to a lady wavering toward plebeian moods, to a young woman feebly battling against being just a young female, to a she-animal in a wild state of savagery and shamelessness.

She reached the next to the last stage oftener and oftener, but still fought herself more furiously than she fought the men who explored her possibilities.

She was slow to realize that when she came in at night now she usually found Leta asleep or reading—sometimes crying. Leta turned very serious. Joyce began to worry over the new and somber person Leta had become. She stayed in of evenings to study her. She persuaded Evert to stay in now and then. They played cards forlornly; they pretended to be interested in picture puzzles.

PETER HADEN came to see them now and then and found them rather pitiful. Joyce baffled him; she was so many different women and never any more the old sweet gentle innocent one. What had become of the Joyce that was? There was hardly a trace of her discernible beneath the new and alarming Joyces.

He loved her so desperately and was so desperately helpless that his own nerves began to go to pieces. A friend, who was also a doctor, told him he had the jitters and ordered him away from his office. Peter decided to lose himself in a fishing and hunting expedition in the Maine wilds. He went to tell Joyce of his decision. Evert was out, as he expected, but he was surprised to find Leta in. She was working so earnestly over a big picture puzzle that she barely nodded to him. He noted that she was much plumper than usual. Joyce was lean and gaunt and almost wolfish as she greeted him.

He told Joyce simply that he was overworked and must go away. He thought he saw in her eyes a sudden look of forlorn terror. Could it be that she would miss him? Before he realized it he was saying:

"Why don't you come along with me?"

"Why, Peter, this from you?"

"We could get married quietly and quickly."

"Oh, dear! Now you've spoiled it. I love you too well to marry you, but I might consider going along just as your—friend."

He was quite surly as he snapped:

"You're not invited on any such terms."

"Forgive me. I keep forgetting that you're respectable. It's been so long since I was respectable and I meet so few people who are, that I don't know how to behave."

"There might be something in that, too, I suppose."

Her new gift of temper flared at this insult and she quenched the flame with an effort, but she rose dismissingly and said with a difficult sweetness:

"Well, good-by. Let us know when you get back."

HE had been gone only a few minutes when there was a knock at the door. Her heart jumped. She was glad that Peter was coming back, for she had instantly repented her curtness with him. She had missed him even in the few moments since his departure.

She hurried to the door and opened it with a smile of beaming welcome, but the visitor was young Joe Strawn, a haunter of Leta and one of the few in her entourage whom Joyce did not despise.

The chief recommendation of Joe Strawn had been that, without being a prig, he never drank, smoked, cursed, or wenched—and this in spite of being the son of the rigid puritan, Joseph Strawn, Sr., who was violently dry, one of the heaviest subscribers to the Anti-Saloon League, a man who was notoriously and viciously virtuous.

But tonight he was so drunk that he came right in with the door.

The picture puzzle was made up of a thousand pieces and Leta had been working with it off and on for days with a peculiarly grim determination. She barely glanced up at Joe and smiled:

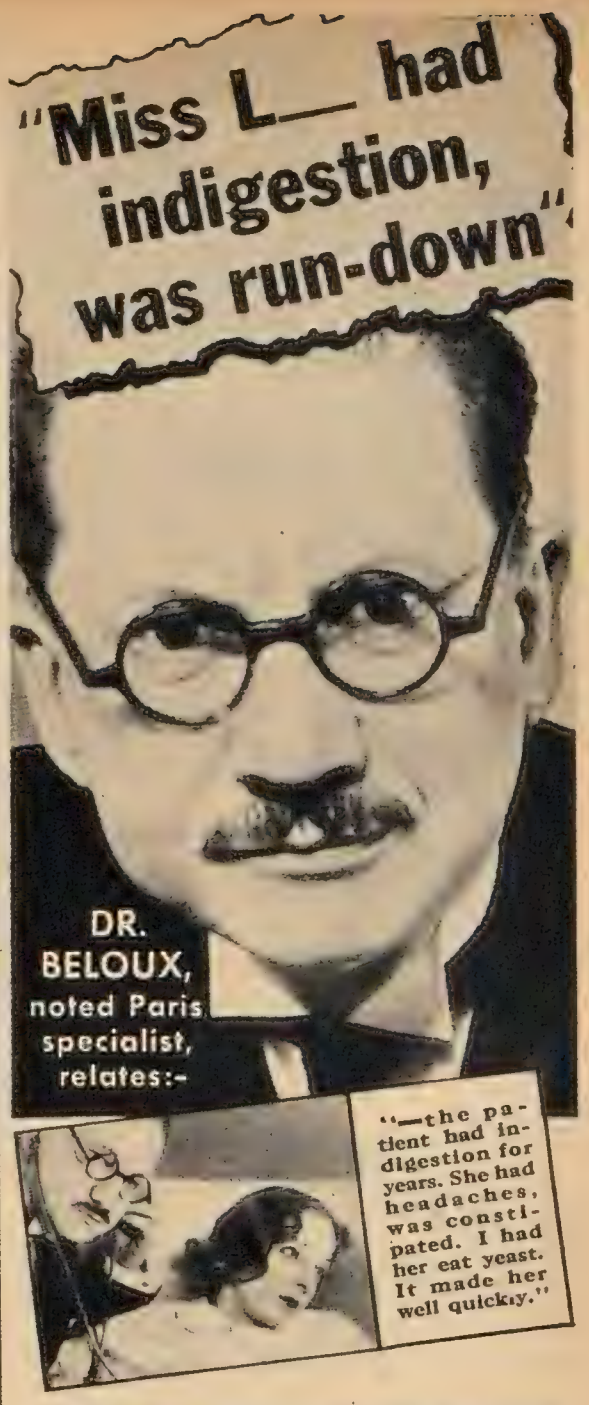
"H'are ya, boy! How does it feel to be soused to the gills?"

Joe sank into the nearest chair and began to cry. Joyce regarded him in a mood between pity and disgust. Without cross-examination he answered the unasked questions.

"I apologize for beas'ly condition—mos' p'foundly. But you know, Le'a, I lef' college to begin work in hope you'd marry me. You told me you'd change your mind by the time I was earn' s'fish—s'fish income to s'port you in—whatever it is.

"I went in my sainted father's office to learn business from groun' dup. I began find out mos' hor'ble things. Le'a, my sainted father is a son of a bishop— Par'n my crude languish, but he's a crook. He's a sepuld whiteacre or a whited supperchle—or whatever it is. Anyway, he hasn't an hones' idea in his head or his heart. His books are crooked, his employees are crooked, his money is obtained un'er false p'tenses.

"It came over me gradually and I


"Miss L__ had indigestion, was run-down"
DR. BELOUX, noted Paris specialist, relates:-
"—the patient had indigestion for years. She had headaches, was constipated. I had her eat yeast. It made her well quickly."

If you suffer from constipation, indigestion, headaches . . . **read on:**

PERHAPS *your* digestion, too, is easily upset . . . your stomach feels "heavy."

Maybe you're run-down...have "jumpy" nerves . . . get all fagged out easily . . . are constipated . . . have headaches . . . don't look clear-skinned, healthy, *attractive!*

Then heed the noted Dr. Beloux's words:

"Yeast promotes the flow of gastric juice... purifies the blood . . . softens the hard waste matter and promotes regular evacuation."

Wouldn't it be good common sense to try Fleischmann's Yeast? Of course it would! Then eat 3 cakes a day for at least 30 days. It is rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast tone up your system. Then see how much better you work, play, and sleep! At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains . . . *now!*

● **"Nothing I ate agreed with me," *writes* Mrs. William A. Rhodes, *of Seattle.* "After meals I felt dull and 'heavy.'**

"I had read that great doctors recommended yeast. So I tried it. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast for a few weeks, I could eat without worrying about the after-effects. I felt so much better."

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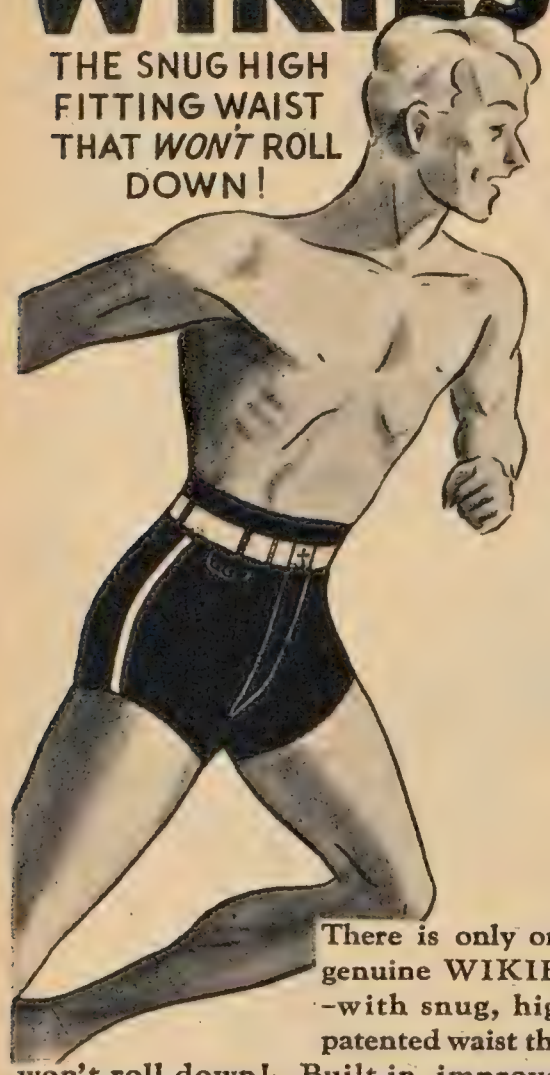
THE SNUG HIGH FITTING WAIST THAT *WON'T* ROLL DOWN!



There is only one genuine WIKIES –with snug, high patented waist that won't roll down! Built-in, improved elastic Supporter! Closed fly-front, smarter styling–and specially processed, quicker-drying double ply wool!

Smartest colors: Navy, Polo blue, maroon, seal brown, white, tan, powder blue, platinum-gray. Ask your dealer for Gantner WIKIES, or write us giving snug waist measure.

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nearly died. When I told him about it he was very indignan'. He told me he adapted himself to business essix and I was an impudent impert'nen' scoun'l, and if I di'n' like his ways I could go out and starve."

"So you came here," said Leta. "Quite right. Come over and join our little orphan asylum."

He hoisted himself corkscrewily from the chair, advanced to her like a sailor crossing a storm-rocked deck, and stood swaying before the frail card table with its bits of intricate mosaic partially collected from the chaos of unfitted pieces.

"Pisher puz—eh? You're working on a puncture pizzle! Wha'sh tall about?"

"We don't know yet," said Leta, a little anxiously. "Sit down before you fall down, won't you?"

Joe was filled with a warm desire to help.

"See 'at little feller 'ere—'at piece like a sea horse? He b'longs—Whoa, boy! Wait a minute."

He tried to stab the sea horse into its gap as it swirled past, but missed and shoved a large segment of painfully compiled composition into another with disastrous disintegration.

"Thanks a lot!" said Leta with divine patience.

"M' foot slipped."

He endeavored to right the wrong and another section representing much labor slid to the floor.

"'Mawf'ly sor', Le'a," he pleaded. "Wha' can I do t' atone for it?"

"If you'll come over here and lie down, we'll all be safe."

"Lie down? Splennid didea."

The old couch was standing there handy and Leta spilled him along it, picked up a foot he had left on the carpet and put it alongside its mate. He soughed from far away:

"You're one grand gal, Le'a. I do wish you'd marry me. I'm desper'ly in love with you."

But he had fallen into a deeper stupor even than love, so completely absent that Joyce said to Leta:

"Your bridegroom waits. But how can you?"

Leta surprised her by the dark tone of her answer.

"Some days I've been willing to wait forever to get married. Some nights I haven't been willing to wait till morning."

"Is Joe as exciting as all that?"

"Joe? I wouldn't marry him in a thousand years!"

"I hope you'll get more sense than to marry anybody in a thousand years."

"But Shakespeare or somebody said, 'It's better to marry than to burn.'"

"To burn, baby?" Joyce whispered —she was feeling at least old enough to be Leta's mother. "You don't—burn, do you?"

"Sometimes."

This simple statement of the most inevitable, universal, natural emotion in the world froze Joyce. Leta took umbrage at her stare.

"Didn't you know I was human? Mother was. Didn't you ever suspect that I was made of flesh and blood? Aren't you? If that shocks you, what would you say if I told you that I was going to have a baby?" said Leta.

"Don't joke about such things!"

"Joke! You must think I have a swell sense of humor. If I can't speak of things to you, who is there? Where can I turn for advice?"

"To me—of course—always! Tell me everything, anything. If I could help you—that's all I live for."

"This is one of the things nobody else can do for you—or help you with much. Suppose I should come to you and say what I said."

"That you were going to—have—"

"Go on and say it—a baby. It's not an unheard-of thing. I'm as old as mother was when she married father. And I'm human, too."

"Oh, Leta! My darling baby!"

Leta's eyes fell and her head nodded slowly, heavily.

On top of the great misfortunes already burdening her, there comes now this new and staggering problem for Joyce to handle. Socially in disgrace, penniless, and with Jim Deshler, man of mystery, and Peter Haden as the only human beings she may look to for help, how can she possibly solve it? The next installment reveals what a resolute girl will do when driven to the wall.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How much money is meant by "a grand"?
2—What American citizens cannot vote in a Presidential election?
3—Who is Edgar Guest?
4—Why is the United States President's wife called "the first lady of the land"?
5—How did good-bye originate?
6—Where is the Mackenzie River?
7—What is a Sally Lunn?
8—Who was Ananias?
9—Who first said that the sun was the center of the solar system, and that the other planets revolved about it?
10—Who is Jane Addams?
11—For what is Fayette, New York, noted?
12—What is the origin of "I came, I saw, I conquered"?
13—Which American city was devastated by a tidal wave?
14—When was Da Vinci's painting, the Mona Lisa, stolen from the Louvre?
15—Which city is the seat of government of Alaska?
16—Where is the Irtish River?
17—What is souchong?
18—What is the meaning of sinistrous?
19—An appanage is what?
20—What is Zionism?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

PLAY LIBERTY'S GAME OF STATES—YOU CAN WIN!

333 PRIZES TO TRY FOR! YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT

HERE is your fifth set of maps in the Patriotic Game of States! What are the states? What are their boundaries? Perhaps you can name them without even looking at a map. Perhaps one or two of them will puzzle you at first. In any event, get into the game. There is money—cash money—in it for more than 300 Liberty readers. You may be one. And no matter if you missed the first four map sets. That can be taken care of. See the lower right-hand corner.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
100 PRIZES, each $10	1,000
230 PRIZES, each $5	1,150
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	$3,000

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 5

One of the thirteen original states, copper smelting and oil refining are leading industries of this state. Revolutionary soldiers spent many winters camped here.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....

This state, part of the region explored by Lewis and Clark in 1805-1806, has a great river to the north. Lumbering is a major industry, and it has important orchards.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

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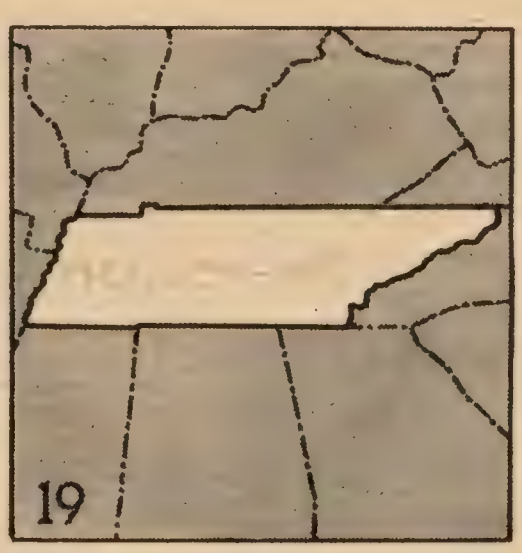

Bounded by eight of its sister states, this state has a mountainous eastern border and slopes westward to a famous river which is its western boundary line.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

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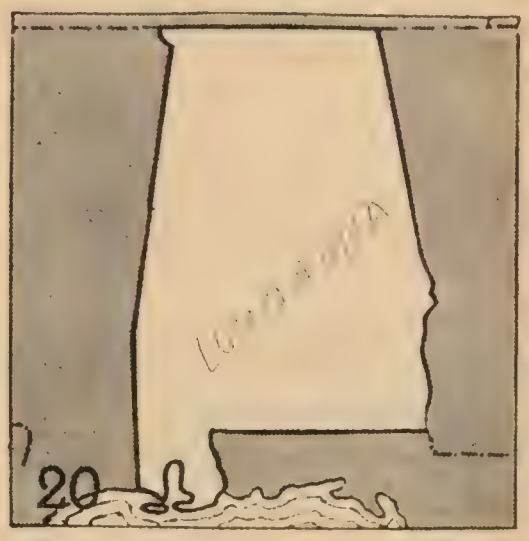


This Cotton Belt state is unusually rich in iron ore and coal, the latter underlying some 8,000 square miles of its area. A large body of water touches its south shore.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....

LATE ENTRY INFORMATION

There is still plenty of time to enter the Patriotic Game of States. If for any reason you do not possess the first four sets of maps they will be supplied to you without charge upon request.

Address Late Entry Service, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. State which of the sets you need. They will be mailed to you without delay.

BOYS, BEASTS,

An Eleven-Year-Old Actor in List in a Movie Melange

by BEVERLY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ NO GREATER GLORY

THE PLAYERS: George Breakston, Jimmy Butler, Jackie Searl, Frankie Darro, Donald Haines, and others. Directed by Frank Borzage.

WHEN this picture is released, George Breakston, the eleven-year-old boy whom Frank Borzage discovered for the lead, will doubtless be hailed as a great actor. Whether Breakston is really an actor or whether the magnificent performance he gives in No Greater Glory merely indicates, like the careers of many more mature performers, that obeying the instructions of an intelligent director does not necessarily require an adult intelligence, is something which to this department does not greatly matter. The important thing about George Breakston in No Greater Glory is that he does not appear to be an actor at all. He appears to be an earnest, comical, and tragic little boy, very much concerned about certain matters which you will need to see the picture to know anything about.

The opening shot of No Greater Glory—a battlefield sequence of some sort, with guns popping and soldiers running—is thoroughly alarming. It suggests for a moment that what you are about to see is one more false analogy between Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton. It is only as the picture progresses that you begin to discover that its story of a war between two children's gangs for possession of a vacant corner lot is not a study of war through the blurred telescope of symbolism but a study of a children's game seen through the microscopically sensitive lenses of Ferenc Molnar's novel, from which the picture was derived, and Frank Borzage's direction.

An outline of the battle for the playground, of the terror with which the small Paul Street Boys regard their larger rivals, the Red Shirts, and of the wild and furtive strategies with which small Breakston, the only private in the Paul Street Army, tries to earn a promotion would serve only to spoil a story which is important, for one reason, because it has so few pretensions.

No Greater Glory is a sort of Journey's End without firearms. No war picture we remember contains a more honest or more horrifying shot than the one in this picture of Breakston, his thin face twisted by fever and despair, struggling to get to the corner lot in time to help his friends defend it against their enemies in a mud-pie battle.

George Breakston, the eleven-year-old juvenile star whose playing features the film No Greater Glory.

Whether No Greater Glory will be one of the box-office pictures of the year this department is by no means sure. It is certainly one of the most honest and most appealing pictures about children we have ever seen. Good shot: Breakston's face when he discovers that one of his superior officers is a spy.

★★★ WILD CARGO

THE PLAYERS: Frank Buck, python, man-eating tiger, honey bear, elephants, and others. Directed by Armand Denis.

ONE of the things that has been bothering this department for a long time is the matter of Frank Buck and his python. You see Buck walking down a path in a Malay jungle. He steps on a log and the log turns out to be a python. A black leopard steps in front of Frank Buck's camera. The leopard gets strangled by the python. A local potentate gives Frank Buck a pig. The next time you see the pig, the pig is in the python. Finally Frank Buck goes to investigate a trap set for a rabbit-sized animal called a mouse deer. The python is waiting in the underbrush to bite Buck on the wrist. By this time the python has gotten to be something of a boa and Wild Cargo is practically over.

It is of course only at intervals that the python—which is doubtless at this juncture lying in a Hollywood gutter, masquerading as a fireman's hose and foolishly hoping to surprise Frank Buck when he steps out of the Brown Derby—appears to be the only animal in Wild Cargo. As a matter of fact, the picture is an incipient menagerie which will be particularly amazing to any one who has spent a whole day sitting in a duck blind impersonating a patch of eelgrass in the unrealized hope of causing one of several thousand birds in the vicinity to come within shooting distance. If Buck stands still in Malay for so much as half a minute, he hears a peculiar jangled chuckle coming from the underbrush. "That," he says, "is the cheery note of the binturong, a strange creature, half bear

Spencer Tracy, John Boles, Pat Paterson in Bottoms Up, a musical comedy with a Hollywood slant.

and BUNCO

a 4-Star Picture Heads the of More than Usual Variety

H I L L S

Frank Buck and a couple of specimens he discovered in the Malay jungle, all appearing in Wild Cargo.

and half cat." The next shot shows the binturong sneering at Frank Buck while he poses for a picture.

Whatever explains this curious affinity, which works out so much more to Buck's advantage than to that of the animals, it makes for entertaining moving pictures. Wild Cargo starts out with an elephant hunt in Ceylon. It continues with Buck pursuing, with so much enthusiasm that you might suppose he wanted to be their agent, such lively heavies as an orang-utan, a giant tapir with insomnia, a man-eating tiger, a clouded leopard, a cassowary, a flock of bats, a herd of buffalo, a cobra, and a school of monkeys. Finally he catches a rhinoceros and sails for home.

There is no use trying to explain the appeal of Buck's pictures. Every one has seen them. Either you like them or you don't.

In our opinion they are good not because they are close to nature but because they are adroitly staged.

★★½ BOTTOMS UP

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, John Boles, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, Sid Silvers, Harry Green, Thelma Todd, and others. Directed by David Butler.

IN this amiable little musical comedy, David Butler, Sid Silvers, and Buddy De Sylva rewrote the old story about the down-at-heel promoters who set out to succeed in Hollywood by posing as members of the British aristocracy. They constitute themselves guardians to a deserving extra girl who signs a fat contract with a producer under the impression that she is the daughter of a lord. It is painful to report that Pat Paterson not only pretends to be but really is an English girl. She is afflicted by that alarming accent and curiously guileless air which among young London actresses are often considered adequate substitutes for charm. This fact does not serve to improve Bottoms Up, but the clowning of Sid Silvers as a producer who screams for a policeman every time he signs a check, and Spencer Tracy's performance as the extra girl's most loyal protector, make up for most of the picture's disadvantages. Thelma Todd looks beautiful; Boles sings well; the best song in the picture, Waitin' at the Gate for Katie, will probably be a national nuisance by the time this review appears.

★★ GAMBLING LADY

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Pat O'Brien, Joel McCrea, C. Aubrey Smith, Claire Dodd, Arthur Vinton, Philip Faversham, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and others. Directed by Archie Mayo.

IN this one, Barbara Stanwyck is the daughter of an on-the-level gambler who, while following her father's profession with no aces up her sleeve, has all the adventures which you have come to expect of female card sharps as well as several which can safely be defined as novelties. In the course of one quiet evening at roulette, for instance, she meets a young man who wins this season's whimsey prize for the nicknames he thinks up. Barbara Stanwyck is Norway to him and she calls him Bermuda. They stick to these geographical endearments, believe it or not, through a police raid, a murder trial, a broken marriage, and a game of big casino.

Whatever else occurred in Gambling Lady—we have a vague recollection that Pat O'Brien was concerned in the proceedings as a gambler whose methods were more direct than Miss Stanwyck's, and that C. Aubrey Smith functioned as a heavy father—made a very faint impression on this department.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women, The Bowery.

★★★—The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road.

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Pat O'Brien in Gambling Lady. The picture lives up to its name.

Margot Learns About WOMEN

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE train came in and the train went out, and there was no Bill MacKenzie. Margot, waiting on the platform, ran to this little group and to that, to see if by any chance they were surrounding Bill to keep him from her.

But no one was surrounding Bill. He wasn't there to be surrounded. The little groups wandered off to cars. There was much cheery laughter and all assortments of golf clubs that jostled her out of the way.

Something frightful had happened to Bill. A taxicab had hit him and his box of bugs. He had been killed getting to the train. Or one of his more poisonous bugs had leaped up and stung him for keeps even before he got started for the train!

She flapped her hands a little in excitement, and walked up and down the platform, and even looked a long way up the track.

She didn't know it, but it was nearly half an hour that she marched up and down the platform and walked in little circles, scorching herself with worry. Then Charlie Brown, the station master, stepped out on to the platform and said:

"Miss Bishop, your family's on the phone. Want to talk to you."

She knew. She knew what it was! The word had just come in that Bill had been—

She snatched up the receiver. It was her brother Jake. "Ha-ha!" laughed Jake. "Is that you, dollink? Say, your Great Desire came by car instead of train. He's got a woman and a box of bugs with him."

The transition from agony to indignation was swift as light. "What do you mean—woman? And what did he say about not coming by train? And don't get so fresh anyhow, Jake Bishop!"

"All right! All right, patootie. What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him? Tell him I'll be there in ten minutes! Good-by!"

She went out to her car. Probably he had wired he was coming by car and the wire hadn't got there. But what about the woman?

Then it struck her. She had told him to bring Entwhistle, his assistant, if he thought he wanted to. She had even got a girl for Entwhistle. And now—well, it looked as if Entwhistle was turning out to be a woman.

She sent the car shooting up the driveway. Ah, there he was! He was standing on the veranda, enormous shoulders and a huge grin. Was that love or wasn't that love?

"Hi, Bill!"

She went scooting up the steps. Bill took one of her hands in both of his and patted it. She wanted to leap up and have a fat juicy kiss, but—well, why not admit it?—life hadn't moved along to that stage yet. So far, just good friends. But just a matter of time, that's all. Just a little matter of time.

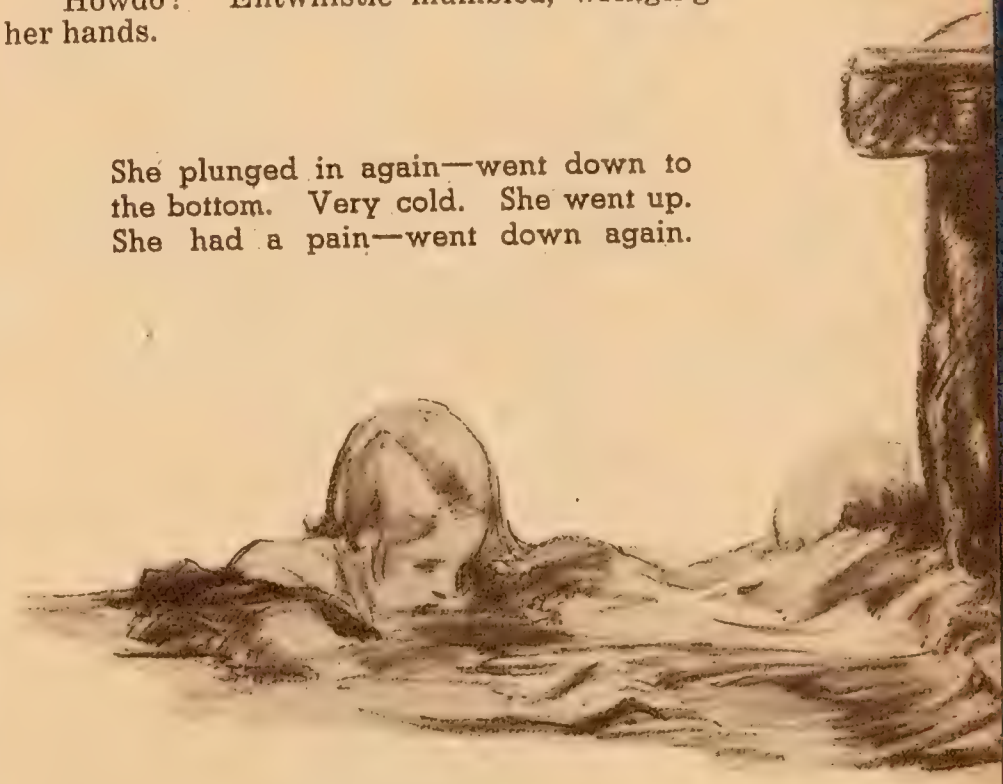
"Met everybody, Bill? Haven't met this one? Howard Cutler, this is Bill MacKenzie. Bill's a zoölogy instructor at State. Specials in entomology. Bugs to you, Howard. Come along, Bill."

It was then that she noticed the thing in the background. It wore tortoise-shell glasses and a profound, sad expression. It was tall, thin, bony, and humble-looking. It gazed at Bill MacKenzie with the most abject adoration. This—ah, this was—

"Oh, just a minute," said Bill. "I want you to meet Anna Entwhistle. Miss Entwhistle, this is Miss Bishop."

"How do you do, Miss Entwhistle?" Listen, you skinny bird of prey: you keep looking at my MacKenzie like that and I'll pop a golf ball off your ear.

"Howdo?" Entwhistle mumbled, wringing her hands.



She plunged in again—went down to the bottom. Very cold. She went up. She had a pain—went down again.

"This is a pleasure," said Margot. "Look around and have yourself a man. There are loads of them. Jake, come here, darling. See that Miss Entwhistle gets a real nice man, will you? The best we have in stock. Come on, Bill."

A dirty look from Jake was no novelty. Come on, Willyum, down here where it's nice and bushy; high-bushy, where you can't be seen. Would you kiss a nice

A Hilarious Tale of Week-End Worries, and a Girl Who Got What She Wanted

by ADDISON SIMMONS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTH KING

girl hello? Come on, Willyum; give! She led the way.

"I say!" said Bill. "You have a grand place here, haven't you?"

"So-so. Another house and lot." You won't give, Bill? Well, all right—for now. But just you wait. "You know, Bill—funniest thing—I thought Entwhistle was a man. You always just say Entwhistle."

"Oh, everybody always says just Entwhistle," Bill replied, flipping a green scarab that dangled from his watch chain. "Darned good entomologist, Margot. One of the best. She'll amount to something some day."

Won't that be dandy! "I was pretty worried when you didn't come on that train. I thought—"

Bill said: "I'm sorry. Clean forgot—and when Entwhistle asked how we were going to get down here and suggested her car, I just said yes and let it go at that. You know, I get that way when I'm deep in my work—nothing else seems to matter."

AH, you precious! Don't you make the tactful, beautiful speeches! Listen, my good man: *I'm* the only thing that matters in your sweet life—whether you know it or not—right now.

"Look!" Bill was saying. "There goes a praying mantis—a beauty!" He dived quickly at a bush.

Margot grabbed his arm. "Now look here, Bill. No fair playing bugs over the week-end. I want you to get your mind off your work." She straightened his tie.

Bill laughed. "All right. No bugs over the week-end. Say, is that a lake down there?"

"Yes. Want to see it up close?"

They went down on the pier, and he forgot about bugs. She turned on the sex appeal and even walked him around to where he could see the immodest little boy cupid kissing the immodest little girl cupid. But even that didn't suggest anything to him. He merely said this was the place to live and die.

And then, after a little while, Jake came snooping through the bushes. He stuck his head out and hissed: "Lissen, Sarah! Let go of Bill long enough to let him

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get dressed for supper, will you? Get into something comfortable, Bill. Like me. I wear cotton slacks without a press. Relaxation! Come on, Bill; I'll take charge of you. Leggo, Sarah."

Margot scowled. Why didn't the half-wit mind his own business? He'd gone and ditched Entwhistle, and now she was probably wandering around lost or half lost or something.

Bill plunged ahead through the bushes.

"What," Margot demanded in a whisper, "did you do with Entwhistle?"

Jake gave her that dirty look. "Buried her under a lilac bush!" he whispered back savagely. "And the next time that you plant anything like that on me I'll do the same with you."

"Don't be a softy!" Margot said. "Learn to take it, will you? Aren't you the host?"

"No!" Jake retorted. "I'm just a young man fighting to have a good time. You handle your own social-welfare work—see?"

Jake disappeared through the bushes.

Margot wandered back to the swimming pool and had a long look at the kissing cupids.

Dinner was a success except that Entwhistle sat there between Jim Brooks and Sam Snodgrass and looked at Bill with her heart in her eyes.

Ye gods, if she only wouldn't look like that! But she would and did.

And Bill was talking bugs. He was telling Virginia Small, on his other side, everything there was to tell about bugs, and Jinny sat wide-eyed and sometimes open-mouthed and raved about the green scarab on his watch chain.

"Bill darling," Margot said at length, "cast a word at me now and then, will you?"

Bill laughed and replied: "Oh, you aren't interested in bugs. I'm just telling Jinny about the termite species."

WOULDN'T that tear you? As if Jinny understood a word he was saying, anyway! The height of Jinny's intelligence was Harold Pepper, who was very colleege and had only one crack, and that a wise one about inventing an auto horn that would say "Zilch."

Jinny laughed at that crack every time he pulled it. She was just trying to take Bill away. And Harold Pepper was looking at Bill with something between murder and mournfulness in his eyes.

Dinner was over at last, and after a while there was dancing. She danced with Bill. Willyum, when I dance with you, is every little thing all right? Is it? It is. That's right, sweet; whistle down my neck all you please.

"May I cut in, please?" It was Harold Pepper. Some one had robbed him of his Jinny, so he had to rob her of her Bill. Who invited these people to this party anyhow? Jake, of course—and wouldn't you know it? Harold darling, if you tell the Zilch one I'll back you into that electric fan. But no, Harold was glum and silent and kept looking about with great big eyes for his Jinny.

And then Margot saw Bill cut in and trot Jinny away from Howard Cutler.

She gnashed her teeth on Harold's shoulder. She wanted to see just how they were doing. But so did Harold, and as she was too much of a lady to lead when dancing, Harold had the best of it.

When at last she got a look, they were gone—Bill and Jinny. They weren't anywhere on the floor. And when you weren't anywhere on the floor you were outside in the garden. And outside in the garden you weren't dancing.

You were not. You were in a half nelson.

Jinny, you dog, it's the last time you get invited to this night club.

OTHERS cut in. An hour went by. There was no Jinny and no Bill. Now Harold was standing there by the French window looking out into the garden. All of a sudden he darted away. That's right. Go sick 'em, my lad. Go referee 'em. And while you're out there tell him if he thinks I care what he does he's thinking about the wrong bug.

She went out and sat on the front steps where it was dark. After a while some one came and sat down beside her. She heard the diabolical chuckle. It was Jake.

"Hello, babe! What's the matter? Lose your man?"

"Oh, hush!"

"Sure; but you ought to quit this Julio and Romiette stuff, Margot. You can't get a man by running after him. Either he runs after you or it's no go."

"Oh, hush! I haven't been running after any one."

"No? You should stand off and have a good look at yourself. Your tongue was hanging out at dinner."

"Jake Bishop," she snapped, "it's none of your business."

"That," Jake retorted, "is no way to talk to a judge of good liquor and bad women. I know Jinny Small. She wants your bug boy."

"Well, who invited her?"

"I did. And you know why? I wanted to be invited to their place some day. They have hot and cold running maids and sunken bathtubs, and I've half a mind—"

"Hardly!" Margot said sourly, getting up. "You don't mind if I leave, do you? You pain me in the neck."

Jake wagged a finger. "Don't be nasty," he said.

She went down into the garden. Here and there she heard whispers.

Then she heard some one weeping. Now *who* would this be? Margot went around the bush.

It was Entwhistle. The lady entomologist was sitting on a lovers' seat

in the moonlight, thin shoulders hunched up and shaking spasmodically, face buried in both hands. Margot laid a hand on her shoulder.

"See here! What's the matter?"

Entwhistle looked up with streaming eyes. The tortoise-shell glasses lay in her lap. "He hasn't looked at me once since we've been here," she sobbed. "Not once! Bill MacKenzie. He's been giving all his attention to that Small girl. Oh, I'm so miserable!"

Now, there! Talk about your old-fashioned triangles! How do you like a quadrangle? Simply ducky. You poor dumb thing! Has that Great Lover been leading you on too?

She gave Entwhistle a pat. "Now, look," she said, sitting down beside her. "Stop crying. Any girl who cries over a man is just wasting tears, see? No man is worth tears. Absolutely no man. Not even Bill MacKenzie. Tell me, did he ever give you reason to believe—"

Entwhistle sniffed. "Well, not exactly," she pouted tearfully. "But he did ask me to come along on this week-end, and I thought—"

Oh, you thought, did you!

"And I've loved him all along anyway—for months and months. We work side by side and—I love him so!"

Margot ground her teeth.

"Now look here, Anna Entwhistle," she said gently. "Don't you see you're using the wrong technique on Bill MacKenzie? Why, you've been chasing after him, and—"

"Have I?" Entwhistle mumbled.

"Of course. Don't you know the men want you to be elusive—run away from them? They like to run after you. They want what they think they can't have."

Entwhistle sniffed again and dried her eyes. "Mumaybe you're right," she conceded. "Maybe I have been chu-chasing him. Maybe I ought to be more—elusive."

"Of course. Now, you just think up the best, nicest way to be elusive and make him run after you. Just see if that won't do it."

"Thu-thanks," said Entwhistle. "Th-thanks awfully. I'll try."

"Good girl. Now run along and think it over."

ENTWHISTLE gave a final sniff and disappeared slowly in the direction of the lake. Margot sat staring into the dark. Hi, Dorothy Dix, old thing! This should get you to heaven. And now—what you've done! She'll go running around the place like something elusive. Jake, you plumber, if anything goes wrong, it was your advice she got.

She went back to the house. Lou Smith grabbed her and led her on to the floor. Lou, would you know this smile is a frozen one—that a girl's heart isn't in it? It's Bernhardt, no less, you're dancing with, Louie.

Is Bill around? Ah, yes! There you are, precious. Dancing with Jinny. So you got back from the garden!

The crowd swallowed up Bill and Jinny, and then all of a sudden, as if from nowhere, Bill appeared at her elbow, cutting in.

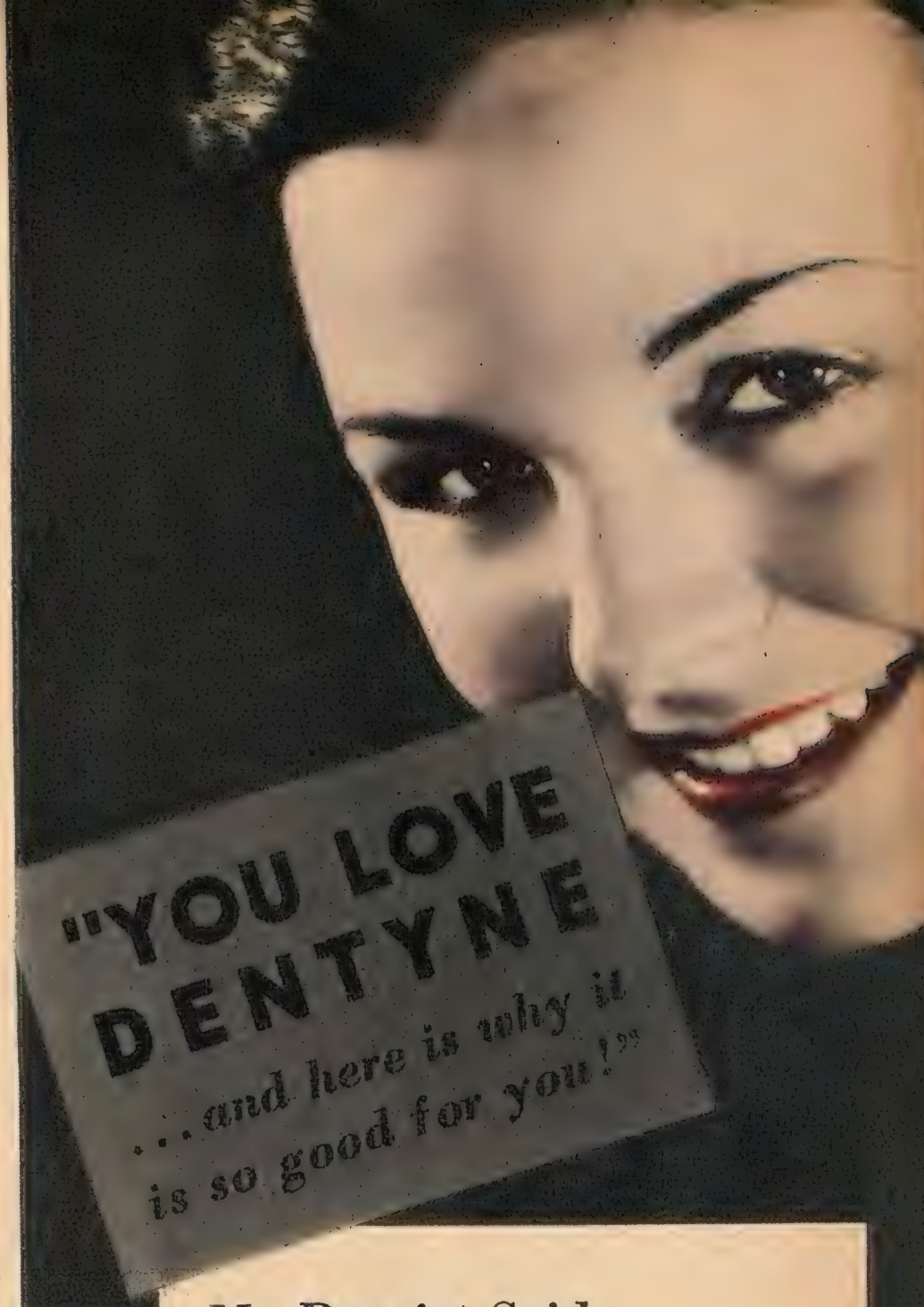
Please! This is too much. Is a girl going to get a little time?

She was calm. She was cool. She was a little bit snooty. But he— He was gay. He was merry. He shuffled a wicked hoof. He sang to the music. His own words: "Abba-dabba, abba-dabba, hotcha babe!"

And then Walter Baxter cut in. And what did Bill do? He stood there tapping a toe and looking around with greedy eyes. Two minutes later he cut in on Harold Pepper and danced off with Jinny Small. And Harold Pepper, stranded again, cut in on Walter Baxter and took Margot. But this was another Harold Pepper. He was doing a Mr. Hyde. His face was beginning to change. He was watching Bill and Jinny. Bill, if you're found dead with a knife in your back, they won't have to look far for your assassin!

She saw Bill and Jinny dance to a French window. And then they were gone again. Harold stiffened. Some one cut in. Harold was off like a whippet. Toward that French window.

Rats on this party! Let it run itself. There was too much intrigue. She went upstairs to her room and lay down on the bed to grouch. If that's the kind of a man



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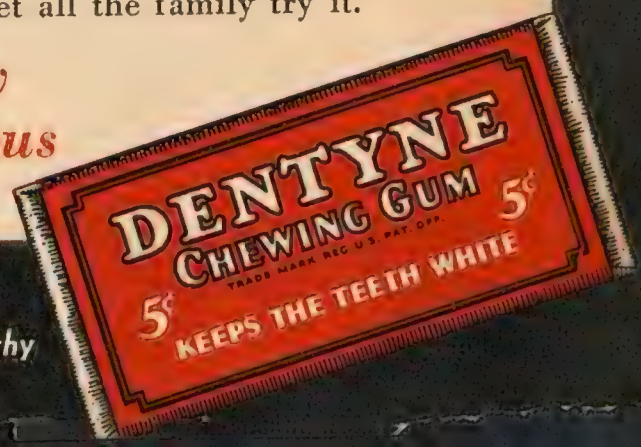

Keeps the Mouth Healthy
Keeps Teeth White

you are, MacKenzie, you can duck yourself in the lake, and stay ducked. But, you idiot, why do you have to be so sweet? Why can't you be the kind of a man a girl forgets? Why do you do things to me—goose pimples and wiggly chills up the spine? Darn you, anyhow, Bill MacKenzie!

The nerve of a man, to come down here with a weeping lily in tow and then pour himself all over another girl to boot! Back you go Monday morning, MacKenzie, and there's one woman never wants to see you again. Never! Well, never is a hard word. But it would certainly have to be away from the rest of the world. You'd be grand on a desert island, where there were no other women to run after. But then probably Jake would stick his nose through the bushes all of a sudden and break out in a wise crack. Jake must have been dropped on his head some time or other. Have to ask about that. Jake, were you ever dropped on your head? No, sweet; is it fun? That would be the comeback, Jake at the bat.

What's the good of men, anyhow? Some of them are like Jake and some of them are like MacKenzie. And most of them are like both. So what's the use?

She lay staring up at the dark ceiling and listening to the sounds from down below. There was the music, and there were voices, and there was laughing. Well, there were a couple of happy souls left. Ho hum!

There was suddenly a bang at the door. It was thrust open and light streamed in from the hall. It was Jake. For once he was serious, even alarmed. What could make Jake serious? What indeed?

"For Pete's sake, Marg! What do you think's happened? That Entwhistle dame's gone and drowned herself in the lake!"

Margot sprang up. "Drowned herself! What happened? Jake! Tell me!"

"Some one saw her mooching down near the lake a while ago. And then, about five minutes ago, Lou Smith heard a splash and a scream down near where she'd been. And that's all. She's missing."

"Let's go!" Margot went dashing past Jake and down the stairs. Their father, in pyjamas and dressing gown, came hurrying out of his room, putting questions and getting answers too blurred to comprehend. Downstairs the dancing had broken up and every one was rushing out, down toward the lake. Margot sprinted away. They had driven a car down on to the pier and in its light had already begun the search for Entwhistle. Two of the men were diving for her. Just as Margot got there, Bill MacKenzie, stripped to the waist, plunged in. Jake, who couldn't swim, stood on the pier and wrung his hands. Margot kicked off her shoes and dove in.

For half an hour they dove. For half an hour they groped about on the bottom of the lake. Margot, half full of lake water, sat on the pier for respite and puffed laboriously, teeth chattering in the brisk lake breeze. I knew it, MacKenzie! I knew something would come of the way you treat your women. This'll be blood on your hands. Pretty dive, Mac. Almost good enough for an exhibition.

She got up and plunged in again. She went down to the bottom and groped in the pitch-dark. Cold—very cold.

She went up. She had a pain. She went down again. She went up for air. Then down once more. The pain again. It gripped—gripped suddenly and fiercely. Better go up. Up we go!

SHE came through the surface and began to go right back again, feet first. Awful pain in the tummy. She doubled up, gulped a mouthful of water. Hey, Bill MacKenzie, lend a little girl a hand!

She hollered. MacKenzie, gasping on the pier, took one look. She saw him run toward her. Good old MacKenzie. Sweet old MacKenzie. She gulped another mouthful of water. She saw Jake. He looked scared stiff. Not a bad guy, Jake. Good old Jake! She was going down. MacKenzie! MacKenzie, help!

MacKenzie leaped. She saw him in mid-air. And then —black-out. . . .

But this wasn't the bottom of the lake. And there wasn't any pain in the tummy. Now who in the name of time is that? Can it be old Doc Wardle? It can? It is.

"Hello, Margot," said Jake. Good old Jake. Was that a tear in Jake's eye? Maybe they lost Entwhistle.

"Where is she? Did you find her? Where's Entwhistle?" Her voice sounded like a frog croak.

Then MacKenzie loomed up. Then her father.

"Margot," her father said, "Miss Entwhistle left a note addressed to you. We took the liberty of opening it, dear." He held up a paper and read it aloud:

"Dear Miss Bishop:

"I am taking your advice. I am running back to the city right away. I hope it works. Thanks, dear sweet Miss Bishop. You were so kind. Good-by. Am I rude to be leaving like this? Please forgive ANNA ENTWHISTLE."

"What the devil does it mean?" Jake asked.

"None of your business," said Margot. "Say—who did fall in the lake, anyway?"

Jake grinned. "It was Jinny Small. And she didn't fall in. Harold Pepper threw her in. She snuck back to the house like a wet hen. But it's all made up. They're out on the back steps having love and kisses."

The doctor was herding them all out of there.

"I want Bill MacKenzie to stay," she said.

Bill MacKenzie stayed.

"Thanks for saving me, Bill," said Margot. "That's all. You can go now."

But Bill didn't go. "Look here!" he cried. "What is this—the run-around? You've been dodging me all evening! What am I—a leper?"

"I dodging you! Aren't you the funny man! Why, you've been chasing Jinny Small all evening!"

"Jinny Small!" he said with a snort. "Why, that little Turk! She took my scarab watch charm early in the evening and wouldn't give it back. I've been trying to get it ever since. Listen, Margot. There's only one girl for me, and she's the one I just pulled out of the lake. How about it, Margot?"

How about it? Oh, William, please! Who'd have thought a bug man could kiss like this?

THE END

TO THE LADIES

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MURRAY SHOE COMPANY LIMITED
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Put Your Best Foot Forward

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A BASKET filled with poisoned arrows decorates Malvina Hoffman's New York studio. The arrows are kept high out of reach—touching them might kill you dead if you had a scratch on your finger.

This strange bouquet of toxic darts was the farewell gift presented to Miss Hoffman by a Pygmy tribe that she led out of jungle gloom to their first sight of sunshine and flowers. She thus describes the experience:

"I coaxed them into the open country," she said, "and showed them the blossoming hibiscus. They were overwhelmed with emotion. All their lives they had lived in the depth of the jungle's perpetual twilight. They dared not pick the bright flowers until we said they could. Then they gathered them to wear as though they were precious jewels. In gratitude they gave me their best—their deadliest—poisoned arrows. The gift represented their choicest tribal possession."

MALVINA HOFFMAN

That's the kind of adventure Malvina Hoffman enjoys. She is rapidly becoming one of our foremost lady celebrities. Artist, scientist, explorer, she wins fame with her accurately sculptured figures of native types. The remote regions of Africa and Asia are her hunting grounds. To find pure types she journeys as far as possible away from civilization. Here are some of the queer facts she told me about her aboriginal friends.

"They can be hired for rice or bananas," she said, "but not for money. They don't understand money. I have seen them roll tobacco in a dollar bill and smoke it as a cigarette. Those who never have tasted chocolate adore it at once. You can get almost anything done for a few chocolate drops."

Miss Hoffman is a serious anthropologist. Her work is valued by natural history museums no less than by art galleries.

• May Day is moving day for thousands of families. In come the brawny gents who manhandle your furniture. Out of the house goes all tranquillity!

The moving man is an agent of chaos and his day is a day of horrific disturbance. Possibly that is why our revolutionary brethren, the Reds, have picked May the first as an appropriate day for *their* annual rumpus. It is also possible that they bring with them an unintended virtue, like that of our moving man. Sometimes *he* unearths our vanished treasures.

I know a woman who lost her wedding ring. It stayed lost for months—until a May Day moving man popped it out during the violent process of dismantling her home.

Frequently we are rendered this service by disturbing people or events. They annoy us, they make us uncomfortable and angry; yet there are times when they rediscover precious possessions of ours that we had given up for lost.

• "My husband seems to have pocketed one of your cocktail napkins."

Or—

"When we reached home I found your silver match box in my husband's pocket."

Such messages come to me quite frequently from women who have dined at my house—wives of absent-minded husbands! As a rule they are not young women. Their notes of apology betray the practiced hand. It is easy to see that for years and years they have been going through their husbands' pockets, then penning courteous excuses for the accidental loot.

They are women who have adapted themselves to the embarrassment of unintentional pilfering by their mates. Since adaptation to circumstances is the basic process of civilization, we here have proof that women are civilized. You absent-minded husbands furnish the evidence. Thank you very much.

• For thoughtful reading I recommend Morley Callaghan's new novel, Such Is My Beloved. (Published by Scribner's.)

• For your next party try this artichoke-and-mushroom creation. It's called *Artichokes Elizabeth* and is a genuine delicacy.

Simmer in butter for 5 minutes the cleanly trimmed bottoms of 6 large green artichokes which have been cooked in salted water with a little vinegar. Have ready a purée of mushrooms and some thick béchamel sauce. Cover the artichoke bottoms with mushroom purée, then put on a generous layer of béchamel. Over all sprinkle grated Swiss cheese and a pinch of nutmeg. Brown in a quick oven and serve piping hot with lemon quarters.

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

A Story of Two for Whom Tragic Clouds Revealed a Silver Lining

Heartbreak

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

MAX BORDEN'S eyes embraced Irene's slight graceful figure tenderly; never, he thought, had she seemed more alluring, more beautiful.

The clear California moonlight, flooding the flagged terrace with silver arabesques, softened the lines that worry had etched in her features, gave a youthful roundness to her cheeks that made her seem twenty, or less. His arms ached.

"You quite understand what I want in that café scene?" he continued. "Anger! Jealous anger—to the limit! We're shooting it first thing in the morning."

Irene Ames stretched out a slim, perfectly modeled arm, took a cigarette from the ivory box on the table.

"Yes, Max," she said through a somewhat ironic laugh. "I understand. Do you think it will be difficult for me, playing opposite Selma Ravell?"

Max Borden leaned back in his chair, glanced at his wrist watch.

"Only half past twelve. Perhaps I'd better talk to you about that."

"As my director?" Irene asked. "Or just a friend?"

Max laid his large brown hand over her small white one.

"Not as your director, certainly. And not as a friend. I've never pretended to be that. Either more, much more, or—less—"

"Less, I'm afraid. Don't forget I have a husband. Or *did* have." She laughed, not pleasantly.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about—Bert."

ILLUSTRATION BY
HUBERT MATHIEU

● KESSLER TURNED HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY, THE WORDS DROPPED FROM HIS LIPS LIKE BITS OF ICE: "IRENE, I'VE COME TO ASK YOU SHOULD DO ME A FAVOR."

in Hollywood

"Oh." The long cigarette holder in Irene's fingers trembled. "So you've heard, too? I hadn't—until yesterday. But of course a wife usually *is* the last person to know. What are they saying? The amateur Winchells, I mean."

"The usual thing. I don't pay much attention to studio gossip. What have you heard?"

"Helen Tone—she's to be in his next picture, I believe—told me last night he and Selma were definitely 'that way' about each other."

"How does she know? Helen?"

"My dear Max! I suppose that she has eyes."

"She has a rotten tongue. There are much pleasanter ways of hearing about such things than from a gossiping woman."

"What ways, for instance?"

"Well—if Bert really *is* in love with the wench he might have been decent enough to tell you so himself."

"Maybe he has told me."

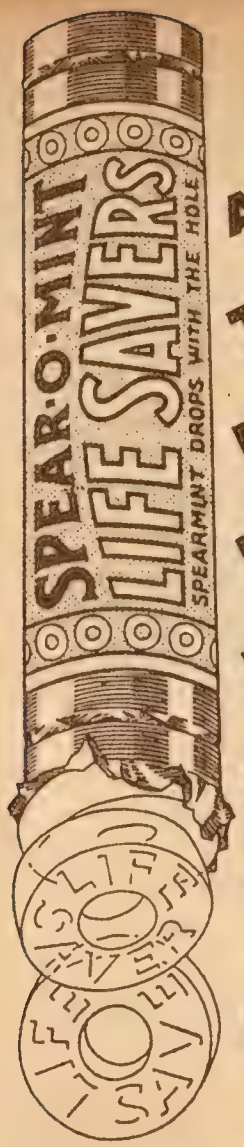
"What do you mean?"

"This, of course." Irene Ames swept her arm through the moonlight in a broad and comprehensive gesture.

"I see. Leaving you to sit here at home—alone."

"Certainly. He hasn't said anything in so many words,

by FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER



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WRITE FOR DETAILS

The
GEORGE WASHINGTON
23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

but silence, too, has a meaning. Silence—and absence."

"Then he's been staying away a good deal?"

"Oh, yes. For weeks. Almost every night lately. At first he made excuses. Now he doesn't bother. So you can see that I'll be able to show jealousy in that café scene with Selma tomorrow, and still not put too great a strain on my imagination."

"You're jealous—really jealous—of Selma Ravell? Impossible!"

"My dear Max, I am a woman."

"But—if you don't love your husband—"

"Have I ever said that I didn't?"

"No. You're too much of a thoroughbred for that. But after the way he's been treating you—"

"I'm afraid that jealousy hasn't much to do with love. Every wife hates the woman who can take her husband away from her."

"Whether she wants him herself or not?"

"Yes. Her pride is hurt."

"Even when she knows it's just a temporary infatuation?"

"Oh, much more then. I could respect a woman who went after a married man if she really cared for him. To me, Selma Ravell is just a cheap, foul-minded little slut!"

"Now, now, Irene!" Max Borden laughed nervously. "Is that a nice way to talk about our high-salaried star? The darling little redhead that all the fans adore?" He stared at Irene caressingly; her beauty was too fine, too gentle, too lacking in theatricalism to make her the idol of the crowd. A lady, and for that reason a cut above them. But a very lovely lady to him, and a very sensitive and capable actress.

"Bert has been drinking too much lately," Irene went on. "It's hurting his health. He's been complaining of indigestion—a smothery feeling—after meals. Too many cocktails, of course."

"HM." Max Borden got up, stretched his long arms. "I shouldn't worry, if I were you. Life goes on. With this moonlight and all, I really should be making love to you. It's what I'd like to do, of course, but you won't give me any encouragement."

"No, Max, I won't. You know how much I think of you. But, somehow, for us to fall into each other's arms, do what Bert and Selma are probably doing now, would put me in her class. And I don't think I belong there, do you?"

"No, my dear girl, I don't," Borden said. "But just the same I can't help feeling—well, the way I do. Now I must be getting along. Tomorrow is going to be a busy day. With the chance Kessler has given me on this picture, I'm counting on your ability and Selma's publicity to put over my first big smash hit. Hello!" He stared through the darkness. "Somebody arriving in a car! Bert, I guess."

"Not likely." Irene rose from her chair. "Much too early for him. No," she shook her head, "that isn't his machine. Being a devoted wife, you see, I know the sound of it."

A large, very expensive-looking foreign car swept up to the terrace. Two men sprang from it. One, stout and red-faced, seemed breathless from suppressed excitement. The second man was small and lean, with sparse black hair and cheeks resembling parchment overstretched and ready to crack. He ran up the low steps to the flagstoned terrace, his small keen eyes darting from Irene to Max Borden.

© Pirie Macdonald

F. A. KUMMER

who left a successful engineering career to follow an equally successful one as novelist, playwright, motion-picture and short-story writer. He was born in Maryland and lives there now. He is a graduate of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and produced his first book, The Green God, in 1911.

"HOW do you do, Mr. Kessler?" Irene said. She had always been a little afraid of Distinguished Artists' brilliant president, not because of his position, but rather in subconscious recognition of a certain ruthless, dominating quality in the man.

"Evening!" Kessler snapped. To Max Borden's greetings he returned only a bleak nod.

The red-faced man waved a large hand in excited gestures.

"We gotta move quick, Milton!" he exclaimed. "Them news sharks—"

"Shut up!" Milton Kessler turned his head slightly. "Irene, I've come to ask you should do me a favor."

"Yes, Mr. Kessler?" Unlike Selma Ravell, she did not call him Milt. But then, singularly enough, he always called her Irene, and addressed Selma distantly as Miss Ravell.

"I want you right away now to drive down to the beach with me," Kessler went on. "We ain't got no time to lose." Only when laboring under intense excitement did Milton Kessler revert to the idiom of his Second Avenue childhood.

"But—" Irene hesitated—"why?"

Kessler turned to the stout man.

"You tell her, Sam," he said.

Sam Corbus, who handled Distinguished Artists' publicity, was not often at a loss for words, but now his tongue seemed tied. Twice he cleared his throat.

"It—it's like this, Miss Ames—Irene," he gasped. "Your husband, now—Bert—he's been taken sick, see?"

"Yes." Irene clutched the back of a chair to steady herself. "Go on."

"He had a heart attack," the stout man hurried on. "So we've come to take you to him."

Irene snatched up the silver scarf that lay over the back of the chair.

"Where?" she asked in a small terrified voice.

Again that significant silence. Max Borden, his eyes like bits of gray ice, stepped forward, frowning.

"If Miss Ames' husband is ill," he objected, "why haven't you called an ambulance and had him sent home at once?"

Milton Kessler brushed the suggestion aside with a swift hard gesture.

"Here's the situation," he announced: "Selma Ravell just called me from her bungalow down at the beach. Bert's there—was having supper with her when he was taken sick. If she sends for a doctor, an ambulance, the story'll get out, and that's curtains for her and for the picture!"

Irene, holding fast to the chair back, tottered a little.

"You know what a jam Selma got into," Corbus put in, "over that Whitehead affair. The press boys have had their hooks out for her ever since. If this story breaks—if the public hears she's snatched another woman's husband—Ravell is finished—washed up—through! There ain't an exhibitor in the country will show her pictures!"

"We got six hundred thousand tied up in this one," Milton Kessler said. "And only a couple more days' shooting to finish it." He gave Max Borden a shrewd stare.

Max's chin shot out. Although this was his first big picture, and he held his place as its director at Milton Kessler's whim, he was a man, and very much in love.

"You can't ask a thing like that," he exclaimed, "just to save that little alley cat's reputation! It's too raw! No decent woman—"

IRENE interrupted him, as coldly deliberate as Kessler himself:

"What is it you want me to do?"

"Get in my car!" Kessler said. "Let me take you down to Selma's place! You and Max! You've been there all the evening, see?—a little party of four! Then, when you call up the doctor, everything's jake! No matter what happens later on, the newspapers can't make any dirty cracks if they find you there with your husband."

Irene shivered. That was a bitter, a humiliating request to make of any wife! She sighed, thinking of Bert. Drunk, no doubt, with an attack of acute indigestion as a result of it! He always drank too much when he went out with other women—had had such attacks before. Sometimes they kept him in bed for days. Bert, lying sick in this woman's place, sick and helpless, with every one in Hollywood—in the whole country—talking, gossiping about it. The thought of staying there, in Selma Ravell's house, for even a few moments disgusted her. Somehow she must get Bert home. She had loved him once, long ago—not so very long—five years—when they had played opposite each other in a Broadway success. If only he had not begun to drink.

Milton Kessler was staring at her; in the moonlight his face gleamed like old pewter—dull—gray.

"Well?" he asked. "It's been now ten minutes—twelve maybe—since Miss Ravell telephoned. She said he was feeling very bad."

"I'm ready." Irene went down the steps to the car, with the three men following her. No one said anything, either then or during the swift drive; perhaps they all felt that there was nothing more to be said. Irene's face was a mask.

At Kessler's whispered directions his chauffeur brought the car to a stop some distance from the entrance to Selma's bungalow. There were shadows along the roadside; the beach seemed to be asleep.

"I won't forget this, see?" he whispered to Irene as he helped her out. "You and Max go around, slip in from the ocean front. Selma will be expecting you. Look here—" He drew Max Borden aside for a moment, gave him some whispered instructions. "Sam and I," he continued, raising his voice, "ain't been here, see? You all came down in Bert's car. I'm home—will be, soon as I can get there—and Sam with me, talking business. That's the alibi. We can't afford to have anybody thinking this is a frame-up. Call the doctor right off, and a little later call me. All set?" He climbed back into the car, sat there small and grim at fat Sam Corbus' side as it purred off through the darkness.

Max Borden stood very still, watching Irene's dim face.

"God!" he whispered. "The pic-

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ture business! Come along." With a gesture infinitely tender he laid his hand on Irene's arm. "Keep your head up, and leave everything to me."

The wide rear porch of the bungalow was lit by a single amber lamp, glowing like a small bright moon among the shadows. Beneath it a wicker table held two plates, several partly filled glasses. Selma Ravell was there, dressed in gay beach pyjamas; her small impudent face made one think of a frightened wax doll. She rose as Irene and Max came up the steps but did not speak; there was a look of annoyance in her eyes. The two women ignored each other.

"Take me to him, please," Max said. His eyes sought a chair. "Wait here, Irene. I'll call you as soon as I find out how he is."

"But—"

"Please. You promised to leave everything to me." With a grave nod he dismissed Irene's objections, followed Selma Ravell into the house.

SELMA pointed through the open door of a bedroom. Bert Gresham lay there against crumpled pillows; his pyjama top was open, revealing the still well modeled contours of his chest. Above, the face might have been made of gray plaster—a dirty gray.

"He—he said his heart hurt him," the woman muttered. "Then he fell over—dead!"

"Yes." Max Borden's voice was quite calm. "Milton told me. Irene doesn't know yet. I'll go out and talk to her in a moment—as soon as I finish what I have to do here. Where are his clothes? Oh, yes; I see. You'd better go and get dressed yourself. Any servants about?"

"No. I let them have the evening off."

"I see. We've been here ever since, understand? The four of us. Came down in Bert's car. When you get your clothes on, put two more plates, glasses, whatever's necessary, on the table out there." He nodded toward the porch. "We were sitting there, drinking, when he had the attack. Acute indigestion. We carried him in here, but he was dead before we could get a doctor. That's the story. I'll call one up as soon as I've finished in here"—he glanced at the disordered pile of clothing on one of the chairs—"and talked to Miss Ames. Pity it wasn't you, you cheap little gutter-snipe. I hope this is your last picture. Now get dressed, and try to act like a decent woman even if you aren't one! That's all." He went out to the porch. Irene stood there staring at the moonlit breakers.

"I've come to tell you," he said, putting his arm about her shoulders.

"You don't need to," she said. "I suspected as soon as I saw Milton Kessler's face. Bert's doctor told me a month ago—told him—what would happen if he went on drinking." Her voice shook pitifully but she still held her slender shoulders erect.

"Do you want to see him?"

"No," Irene whispered. "Not—not where he is now! In that woman's—bed! Yes—I know. I guessed that. It will be hard enough acting my part after the doctor—the others—get here. I don't think I could bear it now."

Max pressed her against his breast.

"You're a very brave and gallant woman," he said, "to do this for that wench! And to save Milton Kessler's picture!"

Irene was crying, slow, silent tears.

"Not for her," she sobbed softly. "Not for Milton Kessler's picture! For yours, Max! Your big chance! No, don't kiss me now! Go back in there and do what you have to do! I'll sit here and run over my part!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **SAVOY COCKTAIL BOOK** compiled by Harry Craddock. Simon and Schuster.
Although its directions for making a Bacardi Flip are misguided and corrupt, and although the best of all American cocktails, the New Orleans Bar Oyen, is ignored, nevertheless this is the best book on cocktails yet issued. No drinking American can afford to be without one.

★ ★ ★ ½ **THEY HAD THEIR HOUR** by Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Breathlessly interesting historical gossip of heroes and desperadoes of our land of the free. Every thinking soul over fourteen will thrill to it and keep it on the shelf by Revolution 1776.

★ ★ **MORE MONEY** by Charles Grant. Claude Kendall, Inc.
Four different groups of people, all greedy, meshed into an interesting plot which focuses on Jasper Ingram, a money power.

★ **FALLING STAR** by Vicki Baum. Doubleday, Doran & Co.
A ponderous picture of Hollywood that nowhere catches its real spirit.

LEWIS E. LAWES, Warden of Sing Sing, **SAYS:**
Of the few books I have had time to read, I believe that Hervey Allen's book, Anthony Adverse, was the best. It was very well written.

The days hurry by, every one bringing changes. Particularly to those who are very young, or very old . . . But snapshots are a way of stopping time. They will save the "little girl" smile and manner, just as they are. Something to keep, and look at often . . . Using Kodak Verichrome Film, you get the natural expressions of people, true to life. Try Verichrome for your next pictures. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

Easy Money

By George S. Brooks

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

YOU may ask," said the plaintiff's lawyer. He nodded to Lee Gould.

The attorney for the State Line and Southern Railroad got up wearily, glancing at the penciled notes he had made on the back of a company envelope. He was licked before he began this cross-examination. The woman would get every dollar she asked for. The jury was with her.

He looked at her appraisingly for a moment before he fired his first question. It was hard to upset a woman's story, because women were never afraid of being prosecuted for lying.

She flushed a little under his steady gaze.

"Mrs. Rogers," he began suavely, "I'm not going to question you about the railroad accident in which you claim to have received certain alleged injuries. We admit that such an accident occurred at the time and place and substantially in the manner described here. In fact the railroad did offer you, and still offers you, a substantial sum of money to salve those injuries. After consulting your attorney you refused that golden salve. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon the advice of your attorney, you came to trial in the hope of recovering greater money damages?"

"Yes, sir."

"You ask us for twenty thousand dollars?"

"That's right."

"Speak a little louder, so we can all hear you. Did your attorney tell you this was easy money?"

"No."

"You were in the hospital, in bed, in a private room. Your attorney was admitted. Did he tell you this was easy money?"

"I don't remember." She flushed.

"Why didn't you mention this back injury when you were first admitted to the hospital, following the accident?"

"I did."

"I have here, Mrs. Rogers, a sworn record of the injuries you claim to have sustained. On this record I find that you did not tell the surgeon about a back injury until after you had conferred with your attorney, twenty-four hours after the accident. Why was that?"

"I don't know."

Lee Gould smiled. "Did your attorney tell you, after he had sent the nurse from the room, that a back injury was the one type of injury we could not disprove by medical testimony and X-ray pictures?"

"No." She flared up angrily.

"Did he tell you that when a patient refused to sit up, and groaned if the nurses moved her—"

"He did not tell me to groan."

"Ah. You thought of that yourself," said Gould. "Today, a full year after the accident, you are still wearing a surgical corset to support your back?"

"I am."

"You testified under oath that you would not be able to sit in that witness chair without your corset?"

"I am not able to sit erect without it."

"You heard your own surgeon admit on cross-examination that if a normal uninjured person was strapped up in a surgical corset such as you are wearing for twelve months, the normal person would be unable to sit erect without support?"

"Something like that." Her eyes snapped.

"That's all, Mrs. Rogers."

But he knew it was no use. Three jurymen had "Soak the railroad" plainly written on their faces, while four others were thinking, "Poor little woman!"

"Easy money," he told them, when he summed up. "Damages against a railroad are easy money. Easy for this plaintiff to ask. Easy for you to award. But, gentlemen, in times like these, beware of easy money!"

The judge's charge was fair and brief. The jury retired. In forty minutes they returned. "We find for the plaintiff in the sum of twenty thousand dollars."

Swinging his briefcase, Gould hurried down the street. He'd get the devil at the office. Twenty thousand dollars and costs! More than he could earn in two long years.

Eight o'clock already. No time for a decent dinner with his wife. He'd have to grab a bite at a counter and go up to the office. He was due in court at nine thirty tomorrow morning for the Reynolds suit, and it wasn't even put together yet.

He wondered why he'd let himself be sidetracked on these liability cases. If he could only afford to get away from it for a few months, build up a decent practice of his own!

THE railroad terminal building was deserted when he entered the lobby. He rang for the elevator.

The car came down, but it shot past the ground floor. Through the grille work and ground glass, Gould saw the old watchman tugging at the control switch. But the car did not stop. With a sickening crash that shivered glass three floors above, the cage hit the bottom of the pit.

"What a dandy action against the building!" was Gould's first thought. "That old elevator was condemned twenty years ago."

He ran down the fire stairs to the subcellar. Twisted and crushed like a pasteboard box, lay the wreckage. He felt the watchman's wrist. No pulse. Dead.

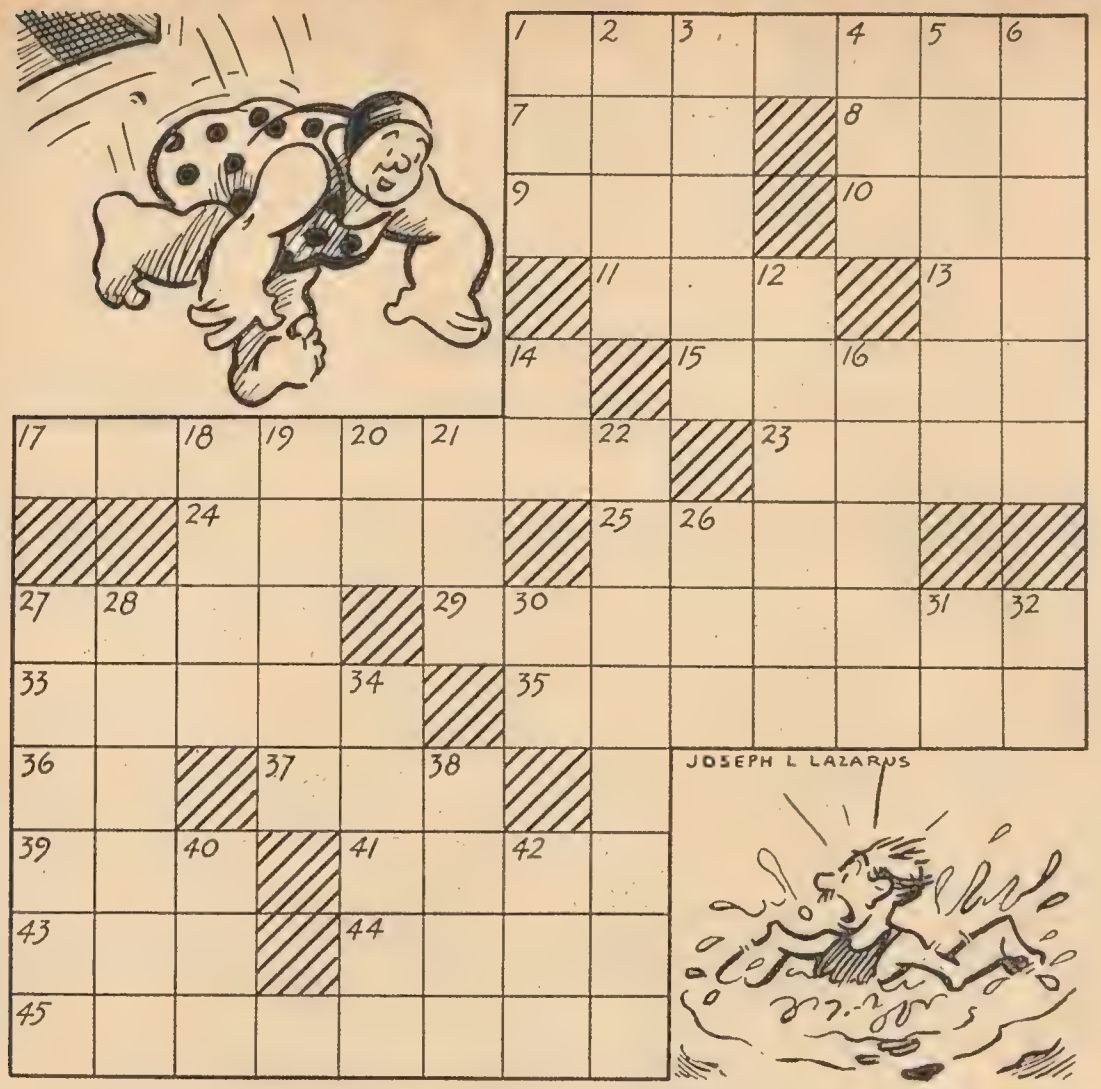
The lawyer wiped his forehead. "What an escape!" he thought. "I might have been in the elevator." Then another idea made him pause. Twenty thousand dollars. Two years' pay. Easy money. He smiled. "On second thought, I *was* in the elevator."

He crawled into the telescoped cage, squirmed under a twisted girder, lay on his back, closed his eyes.

"Oh! Don't touch me. Don't! My back. My back!" he cried, when the rescue party tried to move him.

THE END

CROSS WORDS



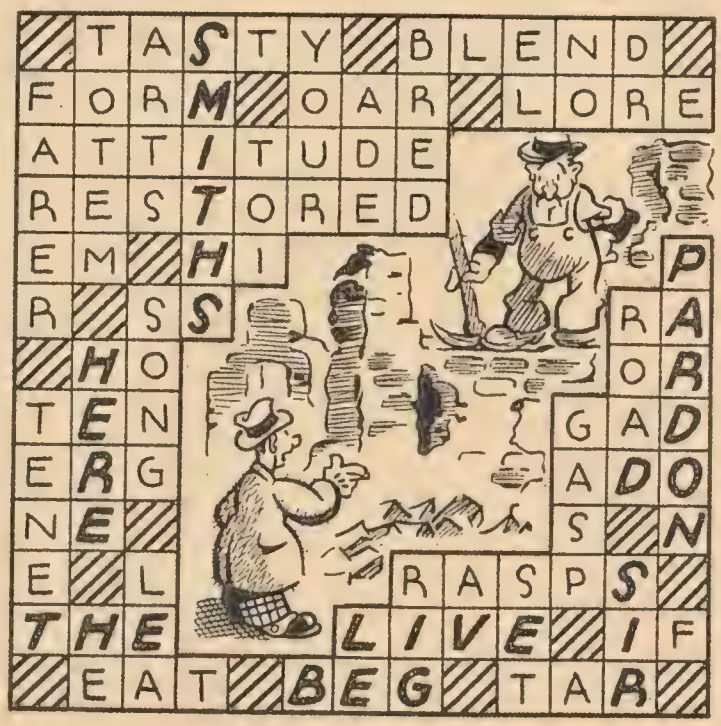
After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 To direct in writing
7 A sign of the zodiac
8 An ocean (abbr.)
9 Attention
10 Also
11 Tear
13 Pronoun
14 Indefinite article
15 Capture
17 Inducts
23 Talk back (colloq.)
24 Suffix: foot
25 Cottage
27 To lamb
29 Rapid flutterings in music
33 Attack
35 Scantier
36 Belonging to
37 Child
39 A swine
41 A row
43 Diminutive suffix
44 South African plant
45 Free from scent

VERTICAL

1 A beverage
2 Highly valued
3 An architectural order
4 Devour
5 Those not easily excited
6 Mammal of South America (pl.)
12 Minister
14 Man's nickname
16 A weight of eastern Asia (pl.)
18 Mineral springs
19 Doctrine
20 A public notice
21 To permit
22 Royal maces
26 Suffix: morbid condition
27 An exclamation to attract attention
28 Enwrap
30 Revised Statutes (abbr.)
31 A violent wind off the Faroe Islands
32 Senior (abbr.)
34 Sum
38 Flat piece of baked clay
40 Combining form: earth
42 The Greek goddess of dawn



Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

The TIME, the PLACE, the GIRL, and —

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Liberty
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The CCC

A Tenderfoot Forester Gives Thanks servation, and Considers Where His

Drilling with a "jack" hammer in road building. CCC novices took pride in mastering such machines.

Courtesy National Park Service

Right: A mess detail at the camp near Estes Park. Mr. Loomis reports only one instance of food bad enough to justify grumbling.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article concludes a series of three by Mr. Loomis, written in his spare time at CCC camps in Colorado to tell Liberty readers how it would have felt to be a "Green Guardsman" working in a national forest. How Mr. Loomis himself felt about it all, when it was over, appears in a letter from him to the editor of Liberty: "Thank you for occasioning one of the pleasantest experiences of my life."

EIGHT months ago our CCC crowd were wondering where the next meal was coming from. Now some of us have begun to wonder where we're going and how we're going to get there. With the usual army outfit, women and liquor would answer both of these questions. As for this crowd, a lot of us have begun to wonder how we are going to fit into life by the time the New Deal is a bit older.

Perhaps that's why the army cracks down on liquor trouble in the camps. The army knows that liquor and camp life don't mix. For instance, over at Camp Lowell (Co. 801, CCC), Wetmore, Colorado, they had just arrested Lieutenant Peter D. Palace when I was transferred there for a few days. Palace, a Reserve officer, was popular with his men and ran his camp well. One night he was in an eating place in Florence. He had stopped at a service station for a couple of shots of new-laid whisky, so he walked over to a man twice his size and remarked, "I don't like your face!"

"The hell you don't!" said the tall stranger, and proceeded to beat up the lieutenant. When Palace was revived by his friends, he thought his assailant had retreated to a certain hotel. He drove to Camp Lowell, and returned with a CCC gang armed with baseball bats. Entering the suspected hotel, he asked the proprietor to produce the culprit, and when the hotel keeper ordered the drunken crew off the premises, they proceeded to beat up him and his wife. Result: one summary court-martial for Lieutenant Palace, with reduction in grade, and appropriate discipline for the CCC men. Camp Lowell is now under the command of an older man with a stronger head. Some day we may learn a little sense from the French and serve out a daily ration of wine to the army, navy, and CCC, or else maintain messes and canteens where officers and men can get good light wines and beer at a fair price.

Same thing about women. There never was an army yet which behaved like a Sunday school. These CCC boys, on the whole, are a very decent lot and the camps are far from the bright lights. But there are always exceptions and some women follow any pay roll. So the army doctors give us the regulation prophylaxis lectures. Why haven't they tried out the "hostess" idea for the CCC? All, or nearly all, that most of these lonely boys want is to look at and talk to a pretty girl. It worked pretty well in the war and helped to keep some of the A. E. F. out of a lot of trouble.

The first sign of real reconstruction in the CCC lads came when they began kicking about the food. Five months ago they counted themselves lucky to get a meal. During my week at Camp Lowell the mess got worse and worse. The boys said some one must be grafting. There was a move to telegraph President Roosevelt collect.

But the moldy bread, spotted eggs, lumpy macaroni, and terrific coffee were not the fault of the mess supervision. The trouble lay in the kitchen, where there was only one experienced cook. As for the bread, it was decided to change bakers, and a strong effort was made to improve the cooking. By Thursday the dinner of roast pork, corn on the cob, tomatoes, cucumber salad, and bread pudding was excellent. But alas for the men in my tent! They were not called for by the truck; they had to walk to camp, and little remained for them when they got there. The hated "dog"—red sausage loaf—was called in to fill them up.

One man left the table and he lost what he had eaten.

Digs In

for His Experiences in Con-

Campmates Go from Here

A road crew at work. Where old roads on mountainsides had turned into sluiceways, causing soil erosion, they were filled in.

Left: Just after the crash. In some cases trees were felled to thin out the growth and make room for a good stand of timber; in others, to rid the forest of beetles.

by BATTELL LOOMIS

He immediately quit camp. He preferred to bum, and claimed he could live better that way.

But, as is usually the case in ration riots, the cause was more psychic than physical. With the exceptions noted, the food averaged about as good as at the four other camps where I had eaten, and that is to say that it was a medium-hashery-standard dietary. I never yet saw a boarding-house, boarding school, or any other place where many eat together that was not "the worst place to eat in the world."

On the other hand, at a spike camp in Wild Basin they kept inside the ration allowance and fed the twenty-three of us handsomely.

Fights? Sure we have 'em! One cook at the Rainbow Lakes Camp poked a well aimed right to the chin of a CCC lad and laid him out for several days. This sort of thing comes as soon as the rookie stage passes and personality emerges. Inside the gang, first one and then another strives for leadership. That's why they had to invent a sort of noncommissioned officer class for the CCC, with higher pay. When a guy gets so he can lead the bunch, they give him a little more money and a lot more responsibility.

THE real problem is: Where are we going from here? There are rumors of a CCC of a million men next year. But we all know that we can't stay with the organization for the whole of our lives. A fellow over at Camp Lowell has started a lively business carving the vertebræ of dead coyotes into tie clasps, at thirty cents per. They are original, artistic, and promise that some day he will run his own shop.

We're also learning a few things that are wrong about the American business system. Up here, a mile above America, we've learned to plan our jobs and do them.

We're not only learning forestry, masonry, and carpentry, but we're studying. There's a class of thirty-five enlisted men in the camp at Tabernacle taking evening classes three nights a week in Latin, Spanish, and forestry. Over in Peaceful Valley, they have classes in Spanish and in art. The same sort of thing is being done in most of the CCC camps around here.

And while we're improving ourselves we're learning how to entertain ourselves. Every Thursday is entertainment night over at N.P.1-C in Horseshoe Valley. One night we had a regular vaudeville—a real redskin in an Indian show, the foreman on a French horn, somebody who tried to tell us all we knew about the mountains, and a pianist. Over in Peaceful Valley each tent takes its turn in putting on a show every Wednesday night. The men get it up themselves, do it themselves, and get a big kick out of their successes and failures. Out here I get the idea that the real distinction is based on the achievement and not on its cash reward.

Certainly this CCC business must go on.

It's much more than relief. It's the outline of an entirely new civilization.

Why shouldn't we have compulsory economic service, just as some countries have compulsory military service? Why shouldn't these CCC camps be developed into a *real* preparation for life in America?

The Green Guard of the CCC has accomplished much. It can accomplish anything human. The one thing it will *not* do is to retreat into the bread lines whence Roosevelt recruited it. For the Green Guard is the vanguard of the new economic army. History has taught us that first an army makes men and that then the men make the nation. The CCC camps may be broken up, their work stopped and their men disbanded —but the Green Guard will never surrender. It will fight on, with Roosevelt, for a New Deal in which every one has the chance which he has given us. The CCC has dug in. It is here, and it is here to stay.

THE END

Vox

A TEXAS PROSECUTOR DIAGNOSES CRIME

AUSTIN, TEX.—I have read with a great deal of interest, and some degree of amusement, articles on how to reduce crime. The general run of them lambaste criminal lawyers and place the blame for the crime situation at their doors. Invariably, the articles are written by laymen and based on a few isolated cases where the lawyers were apparently able to thwart the demands of justice.

It is a sweeping indictment of the entire citizenry of this country to say that a criminal with money is immune to the rigors of the penal law. The people themselves hold the conviction or acquittal of the criminal in their hands. They elect the men who make and are charged with enforcing our laws. They sit as jurors to try the criminals. Then, may I ask, what part does the law violator play?

The laxity in home discipline, together with the indifference of the people toward elections, has contributed more to create law violators than any other dozen factors combined. When parents restore to its rightful place the old-fashioned evening prayer service, when they bring under their subjection the youth of the land and decide it is more grievous to their hearts to spare the rod than it is to use it, and when the supposedly reputable people make up their minds to go into the courtrooms and exert their manhood as jurors and witnesses instead of dodging and evading the service as they now do, the life of the criminal will no longer be a paradise.—*Hubert T. Faulk, Assistant Attorney-General of Texas.*

A SCHOOL FOR VOTERS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If we had schools for voters all over the land it would be a good thing for this country. By "school" I mean an open center, forum-like, where we could go and be instructed publicly as to just who and just what every candidate is.

After a recent election here a woman said to me:

"I voted for the four men that I thought had the prettiest names." To my look of astonishment she added: "I didn't know anything much about any of the candidates, and had no way to find out anything. As I love music, I just picked out the most musical names on the ticket."

If we had a "school" and could be taught what the issues are about, it would be splendid. The response would be tremendous.—*Sarah Waters.*

HE'S BIG-HEARTED

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Conceding the accuracy of Senator Robinson's exposition of Japan's aspirations regarding Alaska (March 24 Liberty)—what of it?

GUMMED UP

Drawn by Milt Gross

After all, they are human beings and apparently need more territory to justify existence. We don't. This country is not suffering from lack of food, furs, minerals, or any of the things Alaska has to offer. Distribution in our own country is the present cause of our individual woes and distribution in the world is the cause of national disease. Until we learn to put the case of humanity before our racial prejudices we are only inviting a succession of past ills and are getting nowhere.

Let the human race spread out and take what it needs. When the world threatens to get overcrowded, we've still got birth control.—*Ralph Leonard.*

DEFENDING OUR PRICELESS "SLANGUAGE"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The editor of Liberty is to be congratulated upon his refusal to become a member of the International Committee on American Speech.

The English language as spoken in England has many dialects and the idea of making a Yorkshireman from the north speak like a cockney from London would be ridiculed, as would also an attempt to make both speak the precisely correct Oxford diction.

I can think of nothing more discouraging than to rob the New Englander of his nasal twang or the Southerner of his drawl—it is too beautiful to be tampered with. As for New York with its "twenty-t'oid" and "woids," I can give only a one-word description—priceless! New York wouldn't be New York without them.

Obviously there is a group of people with spare time on their hands. Let them put it to a better advantage than trying to standardize the speech of a nation.—*Beatrice Mumford.*

OPEN-EYE CLUB BOOSTS SAFETY ARTICLES

BEAVER DAM, WIS.—Realizing the great need of safety among children, which resulted in the organization of the Open-Eye Club for Safety, I am vitally interested in the articles in Liberty by T. A. Burke.

His Old Man Winter was certainly very much to the point and, if read, will

Pop

certainly bring about a realization of what a factor weather plays in automobile accidents. Mr. Burke certainly knows his subject.—*J. E. Helfer, President Open-Eye Club for Safety.*

PRAISE FROM AN EXPERT

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—You can scarcely imagine my feelings when I saw in Liberty for March 24 your box The Speeder, and read the note that it was one of a series.

As a member of the California State Safety Committee, the San Diego Public Safety Committee, and executive vice chairman of the educational division of the Municipal Traffic Commission of San Diego, I commend you for your broad-minded ability to see the necessity for such an added effort as you are making in Liberty.

Liberty is widely read by the class most difficult to reach educationally, the youngsters in their late teens and early twenties.—*William E. Richmond.*

ANOTHER BURKE BOOSTER

OMAHA, NEB.—I read T. A. Burke's short article headed The Speeder. As I happen to be engaged in accident-prevention work on the Union Pacific Railroad, I have had occasion to notice the reluctance of some papers and magazines to devote regular space to combating the biggest medium of accidental death in this country, namely, highway traffic. I want to congratulate Liberty for undertaking such a campaign.—*George H. Warfel, Assistant to Executive Vice President.*

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US—"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I feel that a word of appreciation is due you for the contest Liberty conducted having to do with identifying pictures of our former Presidents.

Such appreciation is not due so much to the possibility of my being the first prize winner of the contest (I never won any prize—so don't worry) as to the fact that many of us could not help but refresh our memories by reading something about the lives of those men long since gone who molded the physical boundaries of our land and helped to build and maintain for us late comers the institutions we enjoy today.

We appreciate our present troubles and difficulties if we view and compare them with those early years when Uncle Sam could not afford to wear long trousers—if any at all.—*A. C. Conti.*

HUNT HUNTS THE FACTS

DETROIT, MICH.—I just want you to know that I tremendously enjoyed Will Soviet Russia Fight Japan? with its abbreviated yet accurate viewpoint of an experienced world traveler like Frazier Hunt.—*Fred G. Stanley, President American Collection Service.*

PAGING MR. CHATKOFF

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In the first installment of Rendezvous, in the March 17th issue of Liberty, I noted the name of an old, long lost friend of mine, Hermann Lincoln Chatkoff. I would like to get in touch with him if his present address is available through your office or the co-authors of this present story. —*Harry G. Stevens, Cleveland, Ohio.*

[We invite Mr. Chatkoff, if he reads the above, to communicate direct with the Vox Pop editor.]

HOW ABOUT THIS, N. C.?

SPEARFISH, S. D.—In your issue of April 7 we find under the heading Twenty Questions: What is the highest point in the United States east of the Rockies? Then we find the answer: Mount Mitchell, North Carolina, 6,711 feet high.

There are two peaks in the Black Hills of South Dakota which are higher, i. e., Harney Peak, elevation 7,242 feet, and Terry Peak, elevation 7,069 feet.

It may be that the Black Hills region of South Dakota and Wyoming is considered by many as a part of the Rocky Mountain Range, but Harney Peak has for a number of years been advertised as "the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains."

We are not "all het up" about this matter. Just want you to know the facts.—*D. Wayne George, Secretary Chamber of Commerce.*

THEY CALL IT A MOLEHILL

GETTYSBURG, S. D.—In reference to the answer to the first of your Twenty Questions in the April 7th issue—we natives of South Dakota not only enjoy the distinction of having one of nature's beauty spots, but from an elevation of 7,242 feet on Harney Peak we view with contempt that molehill of 6,711 feet in North Carolina. The treats are on you. —*C. E. Thomas.*

INTRODUCING THE "NEW YORK OF THE SOUTH"

CLARKSDALE, MISS.—The story Excitement at Kamp Kumfort by Richard Connell, in March 24 Liberty, is fine. Give us some just as good and we will spend a nickel each week to help you run your magazine.

Am sure this will not come out in Vox Pop, for not one word from this New York of the South has ever come out in Liberty, and I don't mean maybe.—*I. B. Pickins.*

TEACHING NOT SO BAD

SPARTA, N. J.—In Vox Pop for March 17 one of your correspondents says that a teacher can't call his soul his own. Well, I have been in school work for thirty years and I have usually been perfectly free to handle matters as I thought best. And I have always tried to hold a liberal attitude toward the teachers under my supervision.

I have, of course, encountered opposition and criticism, some of it stupid and unfair, but as a very general thing I have found parents and school officials entirely reasonable and apparently prompted only by a natural interest in the progress of the children.—*Harvey S. Miller, Principal Sparta Township Schools.*

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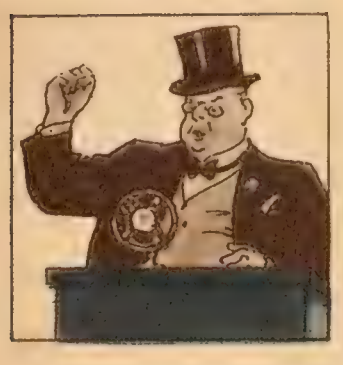
Cover by E. E. TEVIS

Every Other Inch

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



B. J. HASDID is a great man. He admits it. As a cinema mogul in Hollywood he wants to leave for posterity a record of how he achieved that greatness and so sends for a biographer, Carl Vogel, who put biography in the "big-money" class of literature. Pending Vogel's arrival, he starts dictating copious notes on his life to his secretary, Lottie Graham.

He tells of his boyhood as the son of an impoverished Turkish immigrant; of his marriage to Rosetta and of their boy, David, who becomes a writer under the pen name of Felix Holt, much to B. J.'s disgust. Also he tells of his meeting with Virginia Carter, which led him into the film industry, and of the first proofs of his greatness, revealed in his ability to handle fiery, temperamental screen stars, directors, and authors.

Then comes a major crisis. Hattie Flagg, whom he has built up from an unknown into his biggest star and a gold mine for Hasdid Pictures, Inc., under the flaming screen name of Cerise La Belle, suddenly goes "high hat" and refuses to take the stellar rôle in his new picture, Undine's Undies. B. J. attacks this problem in his characteristically masterful fashion. He picks up another unknown, Anna May June, and judging that she lacks the proper sex appeal signs up Horace Venable to help her acquire it.

I starts defiantly towards the door. Very glibly for her age and size, Rosetta is there ahead of me.

PART SEVEN

IN WHICH HASDID, THE GREAT LOVER, BECOMES A VICTIM OF DESPAIR

WELL, Lottie, I am, as you can imagine, a bundle of nerves, waiting and watching like a good shepherd after a lone vigil who strains his eyes toward the horizon where the dawn seems to loathe to appear. And so, earlier than is my usual want, I am at my desk waiting for Paul and Virginia, when the door opens, and who comes in but Cerise La Belle, to inquire, more chaste than is her custom, what stage we are to shoot her picture on, and she had better be trying on her wardrobe, had she not? So, though I am flabbergassed, I make no sign of what is passing through me, but send her off about her wardrobe, which will give her no worry, as in this picture she wears only a modest bit of seaweed, being as she is Undine, daughter of Neptune.

Well, as soon as she is out of earshot, I rings Al Kimmel and breaks the news, which gives him a regular convulsion of pleasure. Of course the whole thing was as clear to me as a May morning—Cerise having heard from an underground source that we are going ahead without her, which stimulates her vanity and puts the quieval on her. And thus I disciplined another star who threatened to put my well laid plans on the fritz.

Well, what with rushing Undine's Undies into production, I had, as you can imagine, no time to fool with Anna May and Horace, who hung around my office for a couple of weeks trying to corner me, but without avail. And I guess I would have forgot Anna May entirely if it hadn't been for you, Lottie, reminding me on the day before her option came up that Stacey Lacey is making her a proposition. Which burns me up, on account of my having worked so hard to build this promising girl up from bits to leads, with stardom in the offering.

So I signs Anna May right up to a five-year contract and begins building her into a star.

And all my optimism about her, Lottie, as you know, has come to pass. She never has been, nor ever will be, the hot blast which goes by the name of Cerise La Belle; but she has the old flare, in another dress, which makes strong men weak and all women envious.

I almost forgot to mention, Lottie, about it coming out

An Anonymous

A Gentleman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

later that Horace and Anna May was married secretly over that historic week-end, they having been engaged for some time unbeknownst, and only waiting for when they could afford the sacred obligations of hearth and home. I feel I have every reason to be proud, Lottie, when I think that I was the means of bringing these happy but penurious lovers together with my great bounty.

IT was in this year of Anna Domino 1931, Lottie, at the ajax of my career, that I begun laying the foundations for my beautiful mansion on Olympus Drive, which was a site I picked out on the highest hill in these environs of ours simply and only because I love a good height which affords me a view, and not, as Stacey Lacey suggested, so as I could look down on everybody. I could have told that little snipe, if he had had the courage to say the above in my hearing, that a good elevation was not a necessity if you wanted to look down on *some* people.

My first consideration was, of course, a name, which is the method I adopt when I make a picture, and work up from that source. My first little home I had erected I had wanted to christen in memory to Rosetta; but she rebelled and practically forced me to give it my own name, so it had to become Hasdid Hall. And now a second battle insued, for I was determined she should be commemorated. Well, finally I compromised with Rosetta and decided to christen it Villa Barburetta: the "Barbu" being my first name—which I seldom use, preferring the informal B. J. when dealing with the highply—and the "etta" speaking for herself.

I had an aitch of a time getting hold of the right architeck, a clan who I found to be about as nerve-wracking as writers, who always want to impose on you with their own ideas, which I had no notion of letting them do, as my house was going to express me and not some cockeyed house-builder. And so I fired a dozen or so until I finally found one who knew his business and could act human.

HE was the ingrate, Lottie, who, after I had employed him and give him a princely sum for his labors, come out afterwards in print saying as how I had give him a contract, tied his hands, held a gun to his head, and give him *carte blanc mange*. All I can say is that— But I will not dwell longer on such a riffraff.

My first idea was to model my home after an old Greek ideal like a temple or a pantheron, but I finally agreed with myself that that would not be a true expression of B. J. Hasdid, the man and builder.

I decided to make my mansion a composite of achitectures, so as you would not know just what it was but would take it as a whole.

Well, Lottie, I will not furnish more details here, as it might only fret the reader, only to say that in April of 1932 I threw Villa Barburetta open to the public—which is what it amounts to when you give a party in Hollywood, where a lot of social climbers always horn their way in, even when you go to the expense of hiring detectives and sending out passes which are to be took up at the door.

Anyhow, to return to Villa Barburetta, it has received some of the best notices of any house in America. It has been referred to as a museum piece. And that is just what it is, for it is full of things that would go good in any museum. I have for years been one of the world's biggest collectors, as for instance my elephants, which have come from all parts of the world in jade, rose quartz, crystal, and what have you.

It was in the summer of 1932, when I was expecting myself to be in the Old World, but was delayed a couple of hours before the boat left New York by some business which took me flying back to Hollywood with Rosetta, who I urged to go on without me, but who wouldn't never leave me on any consideration, as she babies me like nobody's business, and besides finds it impossible to breathe unless it is in my atmosphere, which is the way a wife ought to be, but of which they seldom are.

So I had cabled Ben Grief, my sister Fannie's husband, who was alive then and taking a much needed rest with Ruby Hill, his stenographer. Ben was always very fair and square, and if he took Fannie off somewhere one year, he would take Ruby the next. Fannie was always like me, very broad-minded, and would like to have gone every year; but Ruby was narrow and jealous-hearted and flatly refused sharing her outings with anybody.

So, as I say, I cabled Ben to keep his eye peeled and to bring home any *bijoux* he come across which had age,

Hollywood Saga

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background, and was not too exorbitant. Well, about the middle of August he cables me from Spain he has picked up a very good church and is bringing it over with him. Well, I can't figure out how in aitch Ben could get hold of one, but Ben is nobody's fool or he wouldn't be working for me so long, even if he is a kinswoman of mine through having married my sister. And so Ben arrives with everything okay and tells me how it all happened: which was that, while he was watching a bullfight at Madrid, he got to talking to a native son between bulls—and Ben is like me, a fluid linguist, and very free and easy in Spanish. Well, him and this son of a native gets to talking, and Ben draws him out about this and that, and finds he knows of a treasure in his home town, which is a hill town where there is a church which is about to go into the hands of a receiver. Well, Ben beats it over to this place, and lifts the mortgage for a mere song which sounds good to the priests or monks or what have you, and he walks off with the insides of the church.

Well, I see in a flash that I have got something very ancient as well as very rich and tasty, so I sets to work designing a special wing to Villa Barburetta. I done it in Spanish, of course, as I am nothing if not consistent, and whenever I gave a party I threw it open for any of my guests who wished to retire there to its dim and quiet recesses for meditation and prayer, and it turns out to be one of the most popular rooms in Villa Barburetta. Later I finds out just why it goes over so big, and was I burnt up! Now I keep it under lock and key.

I'm a sick man this morning, Lottie. Not sick, y'understand, as the simple layman—or laywoman—would be, for the body is merely the temple of the soul.

My malady, Lottie, is from within the recesses of my spirit, which has for its cause the errors and weaknesses of those about me, which like so many loadstones is ever trying to draw me down to earthy levels from the high plains.

WELL, to delve to the gist of the matter, I return home last night quite late, a broken reed, having throughout the long trying day and the evening which followed on its train given very freely, without stint. I was on the verge, Lottie—a rare occurrence with me—of being depressed, in which state a man craves comfort.

But I find Rosetta waiting up for me, and herself very depressed, which annoys me to an excess, though I gave no suggestion of an inkling thereof. Rosetta is, I must admit, a very understanding woman who does not laden a man with her trifles and inconsequences when he has more important things he wants to discuss or else remain silent.

Well, I could see that Rosetta was not listening to what I was discoursing about as I undressed myself, but had her mind elsewhere, until finally I am at the end of my zither and blurts out that if my idle prattle bores her, she is under no coercion to listen in, but can go her ways to coax the sleep which she doubtless craves, and leave me to my own thoughts which is far from agreeable.

Well, Rosetta replies that she has no wish to retire, nor yet to be silent and leave me talk, as she has something of her own to say. Well, I don't like her new altitude one little bit, but I am gracious to a fault and reminds her that when the oracle condescends to speak I am always the eager listener.

"B. J.," she answers very quietly—after so long a hyacinth that I look around to see if she is asleep, only to find her staring at my beautiful bearskin rug like she had only just discovered it. "B. J.," she repeats, like as if she was fondling the name and couldn't get enough of it—which is understandable, Lottie, when one remembers that I am the mainspring, the heart, nay, even the core of her being. "We have a problem to face," she went on, "and we must face it together."

I REPLIES somewhat heatedly that since when have I failed her as provider, lord, and master, and that if any problems arise which become too big for me to handle I will be only too glad to apply to her for assistance. Saying which, I yanks a pair of pajamas out of a dresser drawer and shuts it with a terrific bang.

"I am letting you know now, B. J.," she replies in a kind of forceful way that gave me an irritation. "This is a problem," she went on, "which you have several times tried to handle, and at which you have always bungled."

Well, Lottie, I don't need to tell you that I was righteous and indignant. Fancy your wife sitting in your own bedroom and telling you from the shoulder where you can get off. I am dumfoundered, so I asks her if she will be good enough not to ride a horse around a barn like Robin Hood, but to be a little more pacific and come to the point. Which she does, and tells me that it is about David she has desires to talk.

Well, Lottie, sons are sons, and I have no objection to them in their proper place, but there is a limit to them when they come home, like David, out of season, and take the center of the stage like as if it had been empty till they come along, and their mother sitting out front applauding her hands off and yelling, "Brava!" even when the best he can do is a couple of lousy cart wheels.

However, though feeling like giving the subject of David a loud raspberry, but being a gentleman in the presence of ladies, I make no human sound, but tell Rosetta that if it's about David she may as well forget the subject, as I and he are in a perfect chord about the boy's future, which he will begin in a humble fashion as writer and work himself up by leaps and bounds till he is an executive of second, if not first, waters.

Well, Rosetta was as delighted over this as if I had suddenly give her an unlimited checking account.

"I am so happy, B. J.," she quavered, purling like a brook, "to know that you and David have reached something so closely akin to an understanding. My constant prayer for years has been that this antagonism which has always existed between you might not develop into an actual hatred on David's part, and a—"

"What do you mean 'antagonism'?" I shouts, drawing the sash of my pajamas very tight in my anger, and having to loosen it before long, as it impeded my circulation.

"You must remember, B. J.," Rosetta went on, with extreme palliation, "that our David is an exceptional boy."

"He has every reason to be," I throws back, wondering meanwhile what in aitch Rosetta was shooting at.

"B. J. dear," Rosetta continued, "as you have come to understand David regarding his future as a writer, I hope you will also be able to understand him as a man. David is in love."

Now you can imagine, Lottie, how I felt at that revelation! Here I was expecting at least that he was suffering from some awful epidermic or else had signed up with Clark P. Muckross, and Rosetta surprises me with a bulletin about David being in love. There's a woman for you! However, being merely a woman, she has got to be humored, so I tells her as how I am a good deal relieved, as it was the first I had ever heard of him taking notice of the opposite sex till I had about come to the conclusion, and etcetera.

HOWEVER, as this good-natured jostling never went so good with Rosetta, she having like most women no sense of humor, I changed my tictacs and says that there is nothing to worry about, and that being in love will do him a lot of good. Also, that when I can get shed of a few responsibilities which are about to run me into a muck, I will be glad to discuss the whole question with him in a broad manner and give him the benefit of my experience, which is the best a father can do for his only zion.

"It might be well to remind you, B. J.," Rosetta murmurs, "that David does not view love as casually as you have always done."

Casually! Lottie, I shall never be able to tell you what that word did to me. I am, as you know, like a harp on which the winds of sound are ever playing, sometimes sweetly, sometimes jangling out of tune—like poor Ophelia. Some words are like wormwood and gallstones to me, and "casually" is one of those. Love is the capsheep, the *raison d'être* of my being, and Rosetta calls me casual! It was just as if she had called me a moral leopard.

It is not in vain, Lottie, that I have been called the Great Lover, for I have loved bravely if not always wisely. As in the field of art, so have I been in the realms of love, Lottie—the eternal groper, the rank idealist. Always I have welcomed each fresh encounter eagerly, hoping passionately that here at last I would meet my ideal, the perfect flower of my visual eyes. Too often—all too often—I have realized that my ideal woman had feet of clay, not to mention other shortcomings. I have never been one to continue any affair which has lost its spiritual innuendo, but always when I have suffered another cruel disappointment I have refused to be downhearted, dreaming of my next encounter with the ideal.

All of this, Lottie, I did not speak out, as you can imagine, as women, especially wives, are not by nature philosophic and such aphorisms would be going over their heads. But these thoughts was racing like so many mill wheels through the waters of my mind.

Meanwhile Rosetta was breaking into my train of thoughts with more speech and was saying:

"David is in love for the first time—earnestly, beautifully. He is planning to get married."

"If David is in love for the first time, I don't care how beautiful it is—he has no business getting married. A boy his age is likely to mistake a gust of passion for the sweet breath of love, which when dissipated would leave him full of rue and holding the well known bag, which is

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no child's play and could easily make a cynic of him—which he will become eventually if he has anything to do with women, but is a pity at his tender age."

"Barbu dear," croons Rosetta, like as if she was talking to a child at her breast, which always throws me into a tumor, "my David believes in the sacredness of marriage."

"So do I!" I shouts, so that all who had ears let them hear. "That's why I won't have the damned little fool thinking he's got to marry the first woman of which he falls in love with—also any and every."

If I had married every woman I had took a fancy to, Lottie, I would have had to move into Utah or else be arrested for bigamy. Nothing shocks me to the very core as the lightness with which marriage is regarded in Hollywood. Throughout the ages a total disregard for the bonds of wedlock has been the forerunner of the innegration of umpires, as for instance look what happened to Rome, Athens, Moscow—a mass of ruins, all of them. I have time and again inveigled against this growing laxity here in Hollywood.

"When David does marry," says I, picking up my narrative, "it will be to a woman who is in a position socially, as well as financially, to carry on the great traditions of the house of Hasdid."

"It is useless for either of us," says Rosetta tremulously, "to make any plans. It is for us to accept this thing graciously. The woman David means to marry has neither wealth nor social position. This girl, B. J.," she intones, "has no other aim in marriage but to be a good wife to David."

"You seem to know a great deal about this affair, an honor which has been denied me. It would be too much, I suppose, to inquire the name of this paradox who is to be my daughter-in-law!"

Was not her staff of servants so reduced a distinguished writer had to sharpen his own pencils?

ALL of which, Lottie, was more or less irony and was wasted, of course, on Rosetta, who thinks irony has something to do with washing clothes. So she says:

"I am not in a position to tell you the name of this girl, as David has not confided in me."

"I suppose, then," I adds, "that you are once more exercising your woman's tuition, or perhaps you have developed into a mind reader—a profession which would put no strain on you in Hollywood, where reading a mind requires no previous experience, but finding one is a tough assignment."

"A mother understands her boy better than any one else, B. J."

"All right," I says, growing restive, what with all this shuffiecock and battlemore of small talk and what have you. "I am all too pleased to have you understand our son, and now maybe you would like to understand *me*, which is to wit and as follows: If he has got his heart set on some impoverished duchess or countess like Virginia Carter is always having visit her, I got very little objections, for she would become one worthy to link herself to the great name Hasdid, and what is poverty where true love is concerned! *But* if she is only some scheming nobody who has wrapped herself around David's fingers, hoping maybe to develop herself quickly into a picture star by becoming my relative, the two of them will soon realize they have been having another bad dream, for I will waken them up, and hardly gently. As for David Hasdid's mother, who has always been peculiarly close to her son, I accuse her of encouraging him, by aid and a bet, in a false step which may be a debuckle for us all, and for keeping me in the dark until it is too late, maybe, for a father to intervene."

"B. J.," interposes Rosetta—but I am in no temper now for temperizing.

"I'D like him to know," I cries, drowning her out, "that if he dares to defy me, I will cut him off with his Sue, or whatever the hell her name happens to be. And as you would be sure to gobble this message, being peculiarly close to your son, I will carry it to him myself in person!" And I starts shoving my bare feet in my bedroom slippers, while Rosetta rises to hers and begins to address me.

"B. J.," she exclaims in quite a bit of amazement, "you are not going to discuss this matter with David—until he chooses to speak to you?"

"I am not concerned about David speaking to me," I answers, looking everywhere for my right slipper, "as I am fully capable to do all the speaking myself."

"B. J.," cries Rosetta, very much agog, "what I have told you is in the strictest confidence. For you to betray it would be unspeakable. You couldn't!"

"A lot of people in Hollywood and adjoining cities have often told me of things I couldn't do," I replies, my right slipper turning up at the same moment. And I starts defiantly towards the door. Very glibly for a woman of her age and size, Rosetta is there ahead of me.

"B. J.," she cries, her eyes flashing fire, "if you dare invade David's privacy—I know him better than you can ever hope to—the boy will leave our house tomorrow!"

"The boy," I answers with equal fervor, "can leave as many houses as he likes, but while he occupies mine he is damned well going to recognize my authority." And I laid a hand on her shoulder to brush her aside in case brute force became an issue. Rosetta budges not, but stiffens under my pressure, revealing muscles which was a stranger and complete surprise to me.

"B. J," she cries, her voice rising until she is practically in the treble cleft, "if you go through with this, *I* will leave your house too!"

I gasped, Lottie. Yes, I, B. J. Hasdid, who is a master of his emotions, to whom life is an open cess, and who is not unacquainted with women, their moods and their many shifts—*I gasped.* Rosetta was glaring at me like a tigress defending her young who would momentarily spring and render me. I glared back, holding her gaze in a tense one of my own, for the human eye has power over the beast, and at this moment was not my Rosetta the same as if? But she budged not, neither did she quail, so I lowered my gaze and turned across the room to the south window, where I could look down upon the sleeping city.

Mutiny, Lottie—nothing short of mutiny! I was like the captain of a ship on unchartered waters, whose men turn turtle on him and threaten like so many vermin to leave his sinking craft. First my son, then my wife, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, defying my will and

making naughts out of my authority!

With a lot of people, Lottie, I would have called their bluff, a roost I have employed with unfailing success over and over. I knew Rosetta was not idling. What to do, Lottie, what to do?

And as I was about to apply my mind to the quandrum, I hear Rosetta behind me, sobbing as if her heart would break. It was terrible, Lottie. There she was slumped in a big chair, the tears coasting unrestrained down her cheeks. I moved over and posed myself on the arm of her chair.

"Don't cry, Rosetta," I says, encircling her with my arm and drawing her to my bosom.

And now she did not resist the pressure I made, but was full of a sweet surrender. And she went on sobbing as if it give her a pleasure to do so and a relief from something as had laid heavy on her heart. And before I could say more or do less, I found myself sobbing in rhythm with her. Oh, the blessed venison of tears, Lottie!

"Don't cry, Rosetta," I said again, though I was in no hurry for her to stop, as we was both enjoying ourselves, and a rare mood like this was not to be cut off at its birth. "And don't ever leave me," I pleaded, keen in my misery and visualizing myself as a lone male.

"It wouldn't matter if I did!" she sobbed. "I am not necessary to you any more."

"Don't say that, Rosetta," I begged. "If I didn't have you, what would there be to live for?"

"What is there now? Our children don't need us any longer. We have more money than we could ever use, and still we go on struggling—just like when we were young. And we grow more and more like strangers every year. You've had all the things you crave—power, wealth, women, everything but peace and contentment. One doesn't think of those things when one is young, B. J., but we are growing old. Why can't we give up this eternal striving for something we can't even find a name for, and maybe enjoy a few years together? I'm tired—I can't tell you how much—and lonely!"

TIRED, Lottie—with nothing to do but run a house, maybe, and a little cooking on the side, which she don't never have to do, being as we have a servant practically for every room, but which I am always glad when she feels like it, as it is an art which is being fast regulated to the lumbo. But of course I said nothing of such, but continued in my rôle of comforter.

"Yes, Rosetta," I replied. "We are both tired, and a good rest will be like rose-colored glasses to us. We will plan on a month's vacation which will take us to Italy, where we can visit the Vatican and renew our youth amidst the old masters."

"We have planned that trip for five years," whimpered Rosetta, still feeding on her emotions, "and what always happens? Something comes up at the last minute—often when our tickets are bought and the boat is about to sail—to keep us at home. You don't realize it, but you're a slave. Break your chains now, before they break you!"

I was touched to the wellsprings—to the very core. "I will, Rosetta," I said; "I will. We will put this life behind us—this life which has stifled our best instinks—and go away from here. We will take a house on some sunny coast, where students, seekers after knowledge, earnest men and women will beat a pathway to our door to enjoy our society and drink freely at the fount of our knowledge and experience. I have been like a man in a dream, Rosetta, for lo these many years, and you have opened my slumbering eyes. I thank God for it!"

AND, leaning over, I kissed Rosetta sweet and tender on the brow and cheek, a pantomine which brought the tears to our mutual eyes. It was a sweet mood, Lottie, which it was a shame to break. But an end must come to everything, so I helped her to a standing position and led her to the door, wishing her God-speed, whereupon I lay me down to sleep.

Sleep! It was impossible. I had been wrought like so much iron in emotion's scalding fire and must needs cool. And so I lay *ad libido*, a victim to my emotional disorders.

My heart was in shreds, my brain in a shambles. My lawful wedded wife in a state of misery; David, my son, and also heir if he behaves himself, involving his family in a marriage which may turn out to be a thunderbolt. But beside the paramount issue, which was my retiring from pictures, all other issues paled.

As you well know, Lottie, this germ had before been at work on me, and not planted there, either, by Rosetta. Back in 1931, when the forces for good in this country, which as usual is Republican, was straining every resource to keep America in the trough of prosperity which our great party had inaugurated through and *via* Coolidge, I was approached by several campaigners, whose names I must confine to the lumbo, as they must ever work underground so as to remain above suspicion.

Lottie, this was one of the big moments of my life, which recalled so vividly to my mind the visit those old senators made to Cincinnati, who was plowing up his field, pleading that Rome cried aloud for an honest man and to turn his back on his fields and lift his eyes toward the city of seven hillocks. And like Cincinnati I marveled at the honor but flinched not, throwing myself with whole heart and single mind into the breeches, contributing grossly to the campaign fund (*sub rosa*, y'understand, in case of envious Democratic snooping) and spoke at large throughout the state in ringing speeches for liberty, brotherhood, and Herbert Hoover. At the time of the transaction it was hinted darkly behind cupped hands that my reward for duty seen and service rendered was

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to be the post of American ambassador to Great Britain.

I need not tell you, Lottie, what this goal would have meant to me, for it had long been my desire to hitch my wagon to some such post. My long training in diplomacy made me the ideal selection, while socially I was more than *comme il faut* (French, Lottie, for okay), being able as I was to pick the right tool at any table with my eyes shut. I had also learned to speak a very good English from employing so many British actors in my films.

Visions becrowded me of brilliant achievements, such as presenting Rosetta and Celeste to Queen Mary, marrying David off into the aristocracy, and being knighted myself for services to the crown. But all these fair dreams had come to naughts, thanks to those damned Democrats slipping over a landslide on an unsuspecting country.

And then, Lottie, into these thoughts of a great career beyond the Atlantic would come the thoughts of David, like a theme in a symphony which ever and anon keeps coming to the surface and making a disturbing element just as you are beginning to settle back and enjoy the music.

Who was this thief in the night who was striving to worm her way into the house of Hasdid? I was rackling my brains for an answer when the truth dawned on me. Virginia Carter! Was she not already well known for trying to improve herself this way and that? Had not the depression laid a heavy hand on her? Was not her once large staff of servants so reduced that recently a distinguished writer visiting her had to sharpen his own pencils?

On the brink of poverty, reason enough for her to cast her eyes about for a wealthy zion, not to mention a young blood to restore her youth and so forth etcetera. Had not her last three pictures done a swan song at the box office, and would she not peradventure go to any length or breadth to place herself under my guidance? And reason of reasons, Lottie, was the enemus of revenge which never gave her any rest or peace! Convinced with the years that there was no hope of ever renewing our pleasant social intercourse, she had only bided her time, girdling her loins for the psychological moment to spring and render me in my weakest member. To ally herself irrevocably with my son and heir—what sweet vengeance for her!

These thoughts raced through the channels of my cerebellum like a winter's wind, chilling me to the marrow one moment, heating my blood to a Fahrenheit the next. How had I missed the obvious fact so completely? It was only, Lottie, that I who have always been so fair and ingenerous in all my human relations with others could not conceive of a less bigness in return.

Wild laughter rang from my lips as I thought of how I had been hoodwinkled.

I rose from my bed, Lottie, ill, staggering. The air seemed heavy, clotted with this foul vapor. I beat my way blindly to the window for a breath of God's pure cleansing air. How long I stood there I do not know. Some minstering angel must have led me back to my couch where I slept heavy and it took my new valet—who I had recently imported from San Francisco from an old Chinese family of the Ming dynasty—half an hour to awaken me this morning.

AND so, Lottie, I am a sick man this morning—a victim of despair. All the way to the studio I agonized over what to do? I was all for driving to her house and facing Virginia with my allegations. But she would only lift her china-blue eyes to mine and assure me she was innocent. But, Lottie, if Virginia and David can work underground, so can I. I shall hire a detective to trail those two until I have them in my paw.

Perhaps you're right, Lottie. That might only serve, as you say, to stimulate them if they ever got wind of me.

I feel like a poor wanderer in a strange forest, with night overtaking him, who knows no way out and feels terror lurking in every corner.

The bigger they are, the harder they fall, as Bob Fitzsimmons once said. And B. J. Hasdid, being extraordinarily big—in his own estimation at least—is due for a regular cuckoo of a fall in next week's concluding installment of this veracious narrative.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—One thousand dollars.
2—Residents of the District of Columbia.
3—A contemporary American poet and columnist.
4—Because she has social precedence over any other woman in the country.
5—It is a contraction of the phrase God be with ye.
6—Northwest Territories, Canada.
7—An English tea cake.
8—Mentioned in the Bible as the husband of Sapphira. He fell dead when rebuked by Peter for lying.
9—Copernicus.
10—A settlement worker and author, head of Hull House in Chicago.
11—As the birthplace of the Mormon religion.
12—The phrase was attributed by Plutarch to Julius Cæsar.
13—Galveston, Texas, September 8, 1900.
14—August, 1911.
15—Juneau.
16—In western Siberia.
17—A variety of black tea.
18—Of or pertaining to the left; unlucky; unfortunate.
19—Property appropriated as a perquisite, especially by the early kings in providing for their relatives.
20—The movement to repatriate the Jews in Palestine.

It Happens

TO THE BEST LAID PLANS

JUST LOOK AT MY NAILS. AND I DID WANT THEM TO LOOK NICE FOR BETTY'S PARTY TONIGHT.
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO THEM, HELEN? THEY LOOK LOVELY AS A RULE.

I THOUGHT I'D BE SMART AND SAVE A FEW PENNIES, SO I LET THE CLERK TALK ME INTO BUYING A CHEAP LIQUID POLISH.
A PRETTY EXPENSIVE WAY TO SAVE A FEW CENTS, WASN'T IT?

DON'T MISTAKE *cheapness* for VALUE

WHEN YOU BUY an unknown product, for a few cents less, what are you saving? Nothing. Perhaps the clerk doesn't mislead you intentionally. He may really think that something "just as good" is all right. But very often he is thinking of the extra profit it brings.

Insist on the Nationally known product—the product that has always given you the best results. Then you are sure of getting exactly what you pay for. You'll find this is the only way to real economy in the long run.

It isn't "love at first bite" with CAVIAR

SPUD
grows on you, too!

As interpreted by
MISS FANNY BRICE,
star of the current
"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

We know. A lot of people are puzzled the first time they try a Spud. That unexpected *coolness!* But keep at it a bit. Soon you forget all about the coolness. All you can taste, then, is Spud's grand tobaccos. But your mouth stays moist and fresh. That's Spud's gift to smokers!

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

25c THE PACKAGE

Made in Canada by the Rock City Tobacco Co., Ltd.